



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

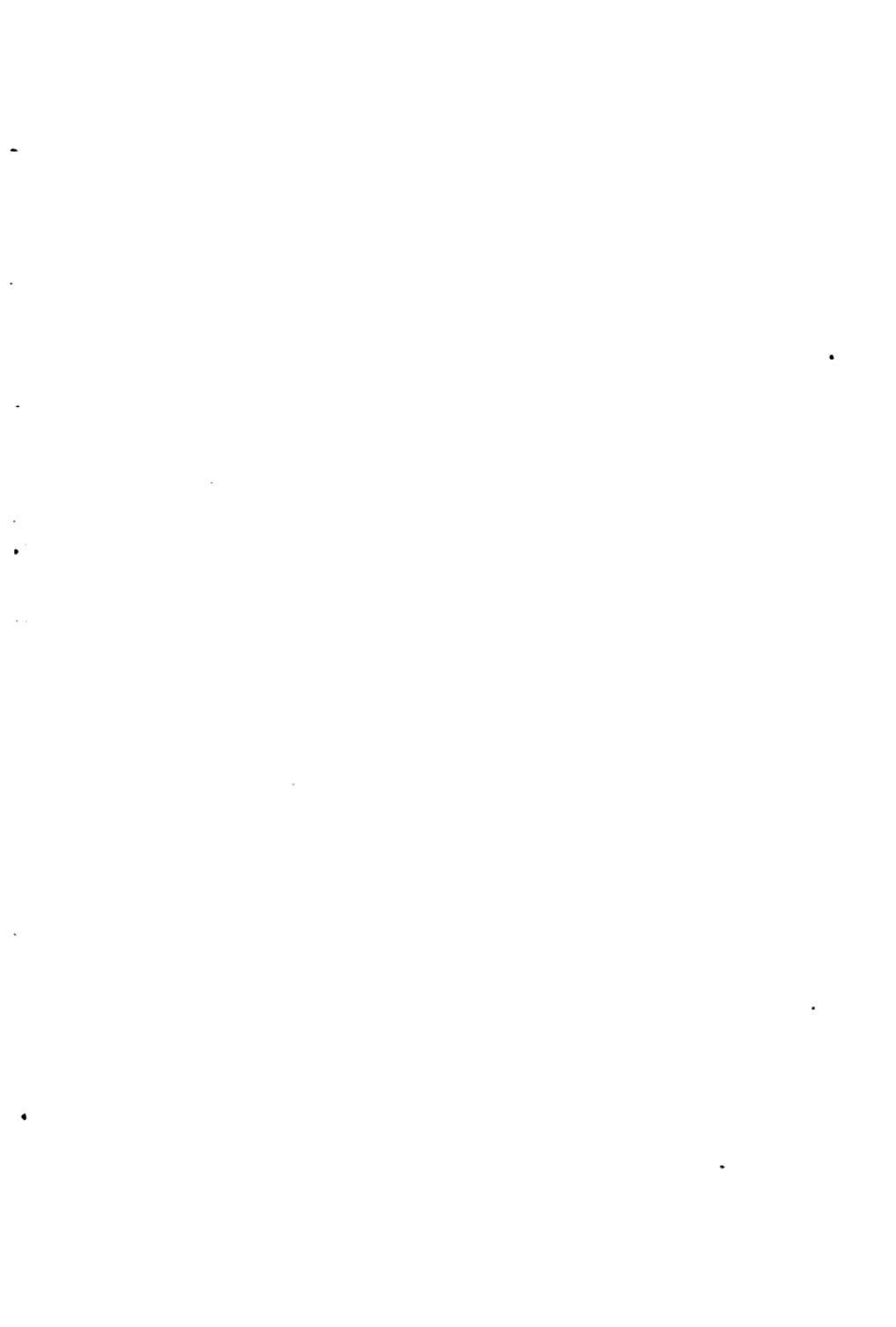
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Oct 20 1918

T





NEW FICTION

THE BEAUTIFUL EVIL

By ALEXANDER EAGAR

Price 6/-

THE SCARLET CITY

By "POT" AND "SWEARS"

Price 6/-

CHATTEL OR WIFE

By CLAUDE BRAY

Price 6/-

THE TOWER OF DAGO

By MAURUS JÓKAI

Price 3/6

BITS OF BLARNEY

By "BALLYHOOLEY"

Price 3/6

THE HOUSE OF STRANGE SECRETS

By A. ERIC BAYLY

Price 3/6

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM

By CARLTON DAWE

Price 3/6

THE INFATUATION OF THE COUNTESS

By PERCY WHITE

Price 3/6

THE LOST EMERALDS OF ZARINTHIA

By HENRY BEAUCHAMP

Price 3/6

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

By HORACE WYNDHAM

Price 3/6

HOUNDS DITCH DAY BY DAY

By "PITCHER"

Price 3/6

WINKLES. A Winner

By G. G.

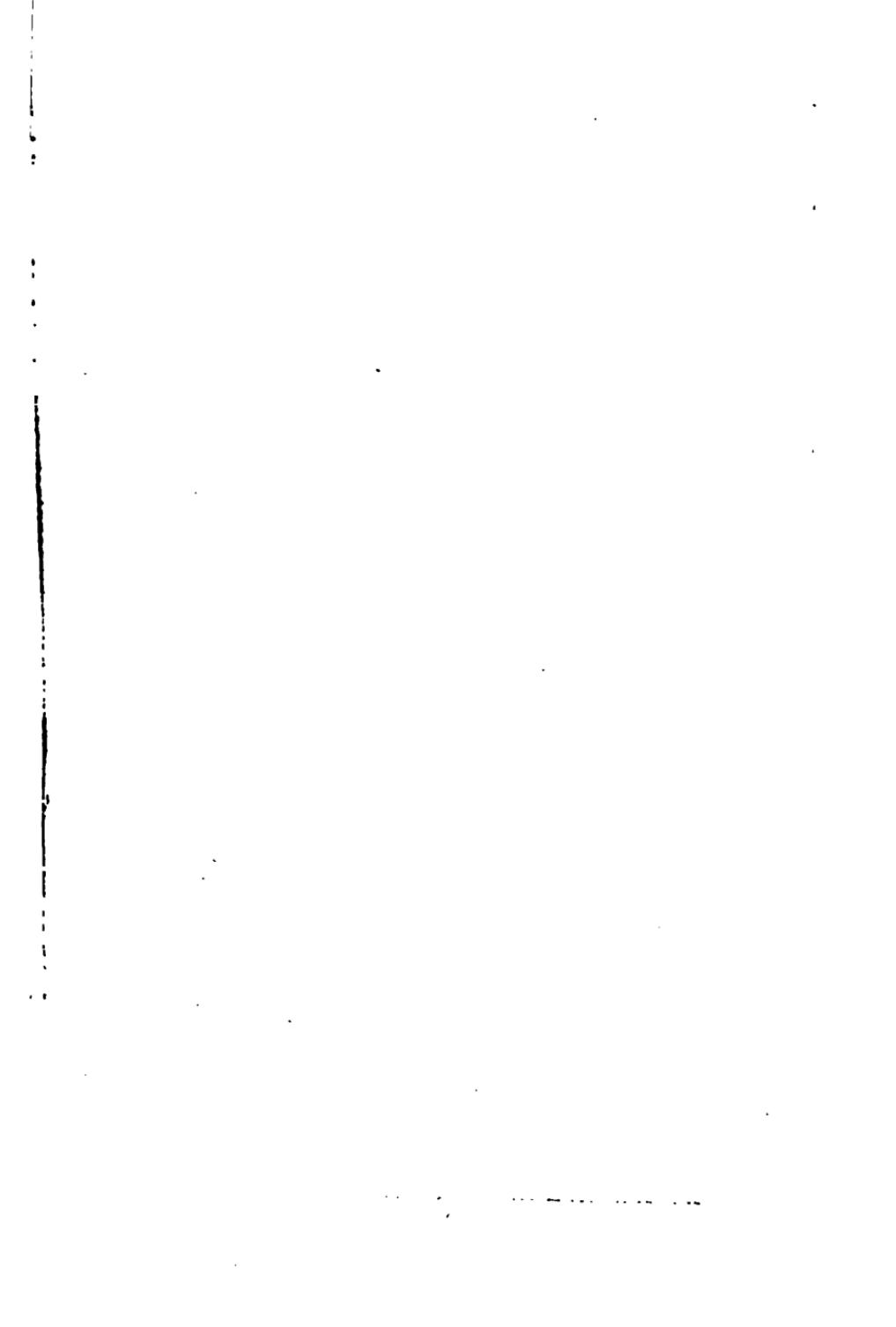
Price 3/6

THE
KING OF
CLADDAGH



“God of Peace, and God of Love,
Let it not Thy vengeance move !
Let it not Thy lightnings draw,
A nation guillotin’d by law !”

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

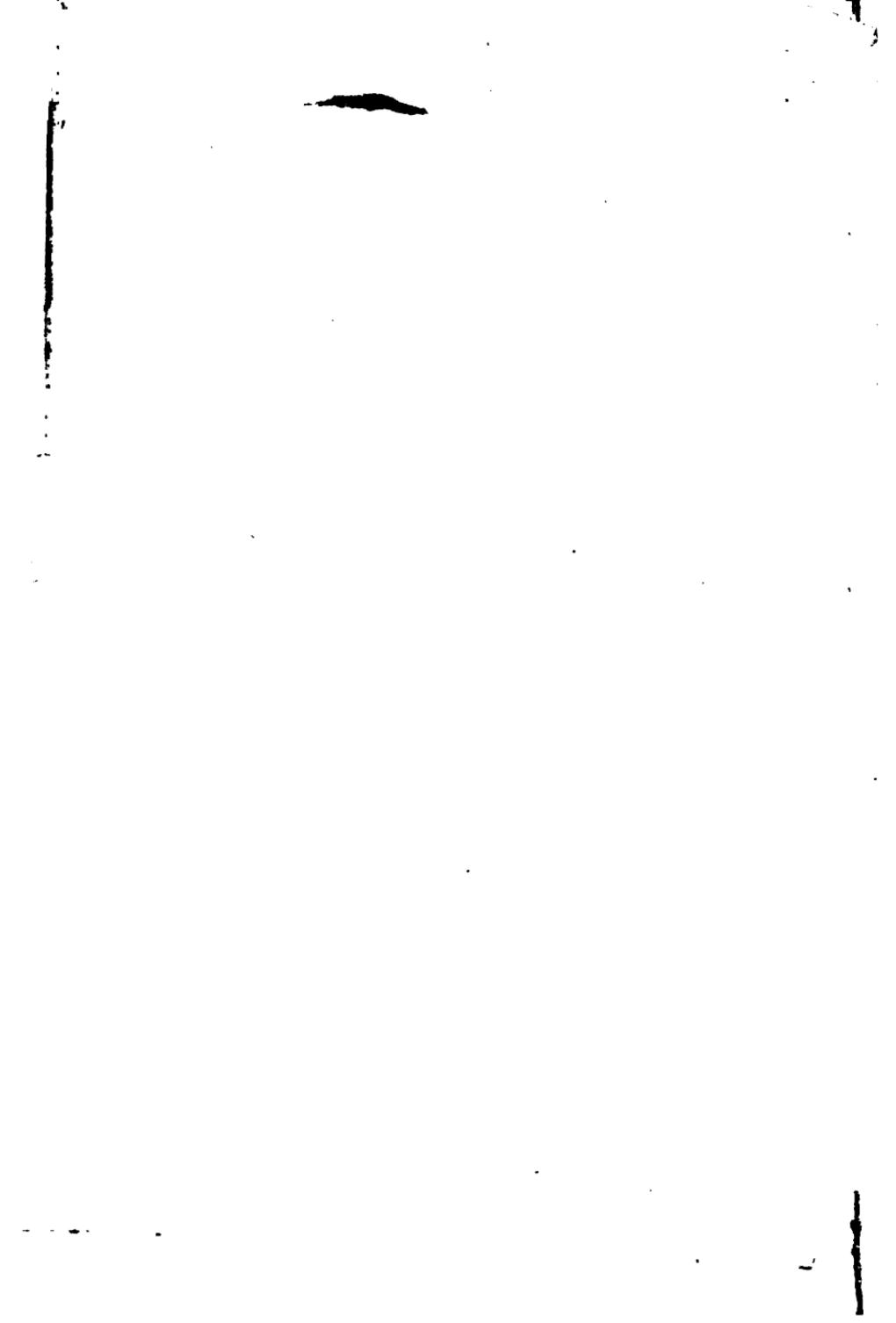


MAP OF GALWAY, 1661.

From *Antiquæ*







THE
KING OF CLADDAGH
A STORY
OF THE
CROMWELLIAN OCCUPATION OF GALWAY

By
THOMAS FITZPATRICK, LL.D.

LONDON:
SANDS & COMPANY

MDCCCXCIX

1.1.13

354200

CONCRETE AND
STEEL FOUNDATIONS.

R 6042 L

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	I. THE BUFF-COAT MISSIONER	9
	II. THE SAINTS IN COUNCIL	22
	III. "AN ARISTOCRACY IN HOVELS"	30
	IV. RIVALS	43
	V. A MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS	52
	VI. GLIMPSES OF HISTORY	61
	VII. THE SORROWS OF A MISCREANT	73
	VIII. AT WORK	80
	IX. EXILES	87
410	X. ST AUGUSTINE'S DAY	94
	XI. "MARVELLOUS GREAT MERCIES"	106
	XII. ROOT THEM OUT!	117
19/05 Apr	XIII. ESKER-IN-THE-BOG	127
	XIV. ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED	138
	XV. HOW THEY LIVE	153
	XVI. CARBRA'S STORY	164
	XVII. THE ADVICE	173
	XVIII. PATIENTS AND PATIENCE	187

CHAP.		PAGE
XXIX. THEY PASS AWAY		200
XX. DOING THE WORK OF THE LORD !		213
XXI. IN THE HOME OF ST. ENDA		224
XXII. JACK MATHEWS HATH A DREAM		230
XXIII. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST		235
XXIV. THE KING COMES BY HIS OWN AGAIN		244

FRONTISPICE

Taken from the Map of Galway made in the year 1651, the year in which the nine months' siege by the Cromwellian forces began. The lines of streets in THE OLD TOWN remain almost as they were in early Stuart times, but the walls and fortifications had almost wholly disappeared before the close of the eighteenth century. The modern *Eyre Square* occupies the site of THE GREEN, just outside the East Gate (named, after 1691, William's Gate). The Great West Bridge has been re-constructed, but occupies its former position on the Corrib River. To the right of the bridge we have a view of the church, St Mary's-on-the-Hill, at the end of THE CLADDAGH, which lies still more to the right than could be shown in our map.

THE KING OF CLADDAGH

CHAPTER I

THE BUFF-COAT MISSIONER

A BRIGHT calm afternoon towards the close of April, 1652, had suddenly been obscured by a drizzling fog-bank such as not unfrequently enters the Bay of Galway, drifting from the great ocean. The sound of the rushing waters of the Corrib, mingled with the screams of sea-fowl, and now and then the more impressive cry of human creatures in grief and distress, could be heard from boats which had put off from the *Gallive* side, and which could, through the dense haze, be but faintly observed from the western shore.

What could it mean? The question appeared to be much discussed in the various groups of oddly-attired men collected in front of the strange assemblage of thatched cabins, named, from its situation on the riverside, THE CLADDAGH. There was indeed nothing remarkable in the circumstance that these hardy sons of the sea were holding little palavers in view of their familiar element, for such was, and is to this day, their sole occupation when not out

upon the Bay. Yet one accustomed to their habits could perceive that, on this occasion, there was a feeling of apprehension intensified by mystery, as, hands deep thrust in side-pockets and heads together, they conferred in their own peculiar dialect with much earnestness, but with gravity and perfect freedom from noise or tumult. So little communication existed between them and the people of the town, that no Claddagh man ever crossed the great West Bridge except on matters of urgency, and few even of the oldest residents on the Claddagh shore had ever seen the East Gate—certainly no one had ever ventured so far through motives of curiosity. As a rule, they thought not of what passed in the great bustling centre, and the topics that interested the townspeople were no concern of theirs. The difference was not one merely of dress, or taste, or occupation, or wealth. The people on the east side, the merchant princes who dwell in “faire and statelie mansions of black marble,” and who, by the way, claim to be the superior race, are tall, and, for the most part, fair, showing in their demeanour somewhat of the Castilian strut and pride of family; while the inhabitants of the unpretentious hamlet are short of stature, hardy, dark-haired, and dark-visaged, and, conscious of being representative of an older race, cling to ancient, even pre-historic, usage, unheeding the customs of the *Gallive*, or heeding only to despise. Indeed it is but little their habit to speak of the haughty newcomers who could boast of an ancestry of some four centuries, while, on their own part, they might claim to be a remnant of one of the tribes by

whom Ireland was originally colonised. No two peoples living a thousand miles apart could differ more widely than the two living on opposite banks of the Corrib river: it is a Firbolgian tribe and an Anglo-Norman colony settled down, as it were, a bow-shot apart, yet kept asunder by something more prohibitive than the "high mountains and mutual fears" mentioned in Tacitus.

From the opposite side of the river came now and then the shrill note of the trumpet or the beat of drum, and to the keen eyes of the fishermen, the movements of the Roundhead soldiers pacing along the river wall were visible. Then a boat was discerned off Renmore Point, and as it came nearer three human figures could be observed.. When it shot in upon the strand, nearly opposite one of the groups above-mentioned, there was a general movement towards the spot as if some important news were expected.

Two of the men coming from the boat were fishermen ; but the third, although dressed like the others, had about him some indications of a different training. He was taller than his companions, and there was a trace of auburn in his fine, full beard which, to the close observer, would have marked him out as a rather uncommon Claddagh man. Moreover, the members of the crowd all touched their brimmed caps as the taller and elder boatman approached.

In the front of the crowd was a man beyond middle age, of square and solid build, whose large head, placid features, and hoary locks would have marked him out for notice had there been ten times as many present, although he was dressed in the same

style and in the same homely material as the others. This was no other than Conor MacRigh, the KING OF CLADDAGH, and Admiral of the herring-fleet plying within the lines of the Aran Islands, between the coast of Iar-Connacht on the one hand, and the shores of Burren and Corcomroe on the other.

“What news do you bring, Father Anthony?” said the King of Claddagh in the only dialect known in the hamlet, and at the same time he touched his cap as respectfully as any of his subjects.

The news was to this effect. In the course of the preceding night the new military governor of Galway, Colonel Peter Stubberd, with a party of military, had scoured the country lying between the round tower of Roscam in the Murrough and the river of Clare-Galway, had seized a large number of persons while flying in terror from their houses, and all these, without distinction of sex and condition, had been just put aboard the strange vessel which had come into the Roads the day before. It was understood that the vessel would sail, as soon as the fog would clear, for the Indian Bridges in the Barbadoes, where the unhappy people were to be sold as slaves to the planters.

The announcement was received with a murmur of compassion for the unfortunate people who had been thus forced into exile and slavery; and it need hardly be added, there were curses deep, if not loud, at the mention of this new and unexpected instance of Sassenach treachery, not to say cruelty. Some days previously several vessels had left the bay, bearing away their freight of Irish soldiers and others, who had

been permitted to enter the service of the King of Spain and other continental potentates, in accordance with the provisions of the various capitulations agreed to by the Parliamentary commanders. This raid upon a disarmed peasantry was in open defiance of all law, human and divine, and there was only too much reason to apprehend that it would not be the last outrage of the kind to signalise the rule of the saints of the new Cromwellian dispensation.

“It is a sad enough sort of time for a wedding, Maeve,” said the man addressed as Father Anthony to a good-looking young woman who had just come from the door of a cabin hard by. Her rich, dark tresses and large dark eyes would have excited the envy of many a high-born dame. She wore the red rug petticoat and simple attire of the fisherman’s daughter although her father’s word was law in the Claddagh. She was about to be married to Carbra Conneely, one of the young men who had come from the boat; the other was her brother, Cahal, a youth of eighteen years.

Almost at the same moment, a loud, strident voice was heard, appearing to come from the darkness in the direction of the ruins of the old Dominican Monastery.

“Ho! ye Sons of Belial! come and hear the great mercies which the Lord hath brought to your doors!”

Then could be seen the bulky and uncouth figure of a Cromwellian soldier coming towards the thatched cabins, and bearing under his arm a huge volume, on the fly-leaf of which there was inscribed in rather unscholarly character, “*john mathews his Bible.*”

When some thirty yards from the group of people near the old Monastery, he stood, and holding the book aloft, continued :

“Behold the Word which will bring light and nourishment to your famished souls. See how the Lord smileth on His own chosen people.” As he said this he waved his hand towards the town, and was answered by the roll of drums in the direction of the great West Bridge. Then waving his hands towards the cabins and the ruins, he added : “And see how He smiteth them that know Him not!” In this strain he proceeded, his object being to show that the new masters of Galway were the special favourites of Heaven, whereas the people of both Galway and Claddagh had been abandoned by the Lord to their own dark ignorance and sinful ways.

What the speaker said was understood by not more than one person within hearing. Yet, after a little, the village youngsters began to come nearer, and to indulge in some merriment at the strange guise, strange gibberish, and no less strange gesticulations of the Roundhead preacher.

“This is Mathews,” said Father Anthony, “the weaver-soldier who has just taken possession of Menlough Castle, while the rightful owner, Sir Valentine Blake, is a hostage in the hands of the Cromwellians for the due observance, on the part of the *Gallive*, of the surrender articles of 5th April—the terms of which have already been grossly violated by the new masters of Galway. Jack Mathews’ wish is to convert us all to ‘the true light,’ as he terms it. Let him alone. Neither heed nor hinder him”

While Father Anthony was delivering these few words of advice, Conor MacRigh was busy driving back the children and women, whose attitude he was quick to perceive might afford the buff-coat apostle a pretext for summoning the military to his aid. And as the King of Claddagh was so engaged, word was brought to him that soldiers, under the command of two mounted officers, were crossing the West Bridge. In a minute or two it was evident that their march was towards the hamlet, which is situated about forty perches south-west of the bridge then and for long after the only one across the Corrib river.

As if in expectation of some such demonstration the soldier-preacher hurried back towards the bridge, and had a brief conference with the senior commanding officer. Whereupon the soldiers were directed to advance at the double quick.

The affrighted villagers fled like sheep before wolves—the simile is peculiarly apt in this instance. They disappeared, not in the cabins, but in the mazy passages, and then betook themselves to flight in all directions, many of them succeeding, under cover of the fog, to cross the crest of the ridge, more recently known as the Fair Hill. Behind that is west of this crest, there is now an expanse of grass-land, intersected by dry-stone walls, where two centuries ago the sea surged, especially at high tides, among numerous craggy islets; at low water most of these islets could be approached on foot, and during ordinary tides there were fordable passages well known to the hamlet population.

While a large number of poor people were making

their way towards the islets, there occurred on the front, or east side, of the Claddagh an incident of much more importance to our narrative. On this side, and close to the ridge already known to us as the Fair Hill, there is a considerable extent of very treacherous slob-land shut in from the regular tidal area by one of those wave-built pebble-ridges, or "Chesil Bank" formations, of which there are several remarkable examples round this part of the coast, particularly between Barna and Oranmore. This swamp is covered with water only at the period of spring tides, at other times appearing to the casual observer as a sort of meadow in which a few wretched heifers and sheep pick up a precarious bit, at the risk of being buried alive in the holes and mud-fissures, which can readily be discovered by any one who attempts to cross from the hamlet direct to the pebble bank.

Into this very dangerous bog the second officer unwittingly galloped in pursuit of some fugitives, who, having a good knowledge of the ground, were able to effect their escape. The horse had proceeded only a few springs, when, finding the insecurity of the footing, it began to plunge so violently that the rider was flung forward head downwards into a deep mud-rut. From this situation the unfortunate officer would have been wholly unable to extricate himself but for the timely assistance of two men in fisherman garb, who promptly came to the rescue. The officer's head and shoulders were sunk in the semi-liquid mass, in which he must have suffocated before help could reach him from his own men ; indeed, they were so engaged

in the cabins that they knew not of the officer's jeopardy. As it was, he appeared to be almost insensible when drawn out of the fetid mire, and he remained so for some seconds after they had succeeded in washing it from his head, neck, and shoulders.

“Is he dead, Father —”

The younger fisherman was admonished by a look from his companion to refrain from addressing him so, even in Irish.

The officer, still stretched on a rather firm portion of the ground, began to open his eyes, and to stare with the puzzled look of one awakening from a state of trance.

“Pray, sir, what does all this mean?” said the elder benefactor, helping his patient to a sitting posture.

The officer looked at the speaker, wondering much to hear the English tongue spoken, and in good style, by one in the dress of a Claddagh fisherman.

“It is all a mistake, I think,” the officer at length replied in an apologetic tone. “Colonel Stubberd, our governor, had been led to believe that there were arms concealed in these hovels. We were coming to search for arms when met by Mathews, the gentleman whom you heard holding forth just before our arrival. I fancy Pious Jack led the governor to believe that you were brewing some mischief here. And so we got orders to lay hold on as many as we could, to be kept as hostages for your good behaviour.”

“And so you expected to find the implements of warfare among the poor Claddagh fishermen! I assure you there is not, and never has been, such a

thing in our possession. If you choose to make trial, I will assist you in the search."

The officer thanked him, saying he had no wish to hold inquisition into the furnishings of the cabins; He thought it more imperative at that moment to look to his horse.

The horse, left to himself, had struggled to the firmer and higher ground upon which the cabins stood, and there he awaited the return of his master.

"I owe you," said the officer, when remounted, "a debt of gratitude. You will find, I trust, that Major Charleton is not the man to ignore such an instance of generosity in a quarter where it was so little to be expected because it had been so little deserved. I think our party must have returned to town. Is this not your friend who comes so hurriedly towards us?"

It was Carbra Conneely. He had run up to the houses to see what had occurred there, and returned with the painful intelligence that his own Maeve, her father, and brother had been carried away by the *Sassenach* soldiers, and he believed that a good many more of their people had also been carried across the West Bridge.

Poor Carbra was distraught with grief. He raised his hands imploringly, and besought the Major to liberate his own dear Maeve, the old man her father, the *gorsoon* her brother, and the other good people of the village, who, without any fault of their own, had been hurried away to prison—or to worse.

Carbra could speak only in his own dialect, but his companion interpreted the plaint and prayer.

Major Charleton was much touched by the poor fellow's simplicity and distress. He promised to do what he could to help the poor people who had been so cruelly and unjustifiably torn from their homes, but he more than feared his voice would be of but little avail against the counsel of those who had the ear of the governor. As the officer in immediate attendance on Stubberd, he would, however, have some opportunity of mentioning the matter, and he would not fail to urge his views at the earliest possible moment.

Having given his good steed a much-needed plunge in the tide, Major Charleton cantered towards the West Bridge, which at this particular period was guarded by three gates—namely, one at each end and one in the centre—and the gates were protected by guard-towers well-manned to preclude the possibility of surprise from the inhabitants of Iar-Connacht.

The prisoners had, however, been already brought into town and lodged in two or three places of security awaiting the decision of the governor and his advisers as to their disposal.

At the end of Lombard Street, the major gave his horse to an orderly, who led it to the Great Saint Nicholas, where the officers' horses were stabled, the aisles and chapels of the grand old fourteenth century church being now degraded to this use by the godly people who had brought the *Gallive* so astounding an instance of "civil and religious freedom?"

At the same moment the major was accosted by Mathews, whose sanctimonious visage was lit up by an

expression of delight and satisfaction at the outcome of his mission to the riverside heathen.

"But in good sooth, Charleton," he said, "hast thou had a misadventure among these Philistine people?"

Now Charleton felt towards Mathews the instinctive dislike which a noble and generous nature must experience when brought into contact with a cringing and sordid one; and it was a severe trial to his habitual good breeding to be obliged to listen to the pharisaical cant and vulgar insolence of this upstart, who arrogated to himself the duty of reading homilies on civil and divine law to every one, from the governor down to the pot-boy.

"Where are the prisoners?" Charleton demanded, taking no notice of the soldier-preacher's observation.

"Where the governor wots," replied Mathews. "There is to be a council meeting in the course of an hour to seek assistance from the Lord for dealing with these children of Amalek who will not hear His Word. These are the same stiff-necked race which Admiral Lord Forbes, acting on the advice of Hugh Peters, the minister of Christ, failed to convert from the errors of their ways, although he burned their hovels, dismantled the old Popish conventicle, dug up the graves, and made a burnt-offering of the coffins and bones of their dead. Methinks a holocaust of monks' bones were a sacrifice acceptable to the Lord! What sayest thou, Charleton?"

"I say," replied the major, "that no friend of his lordship will ever mention that transaction if he can avoid it; nor can any one ever hear it mentioned without a thrill of horror and a sense of humiliation

that human nature could descend to anything so low, so revolting to every feeling of the Christian and the gentleman."

"Ah, is it so with thee?" said Mathews, for the rebuke had told upon him. "In good sooth, friend Charleton, I more than fear thou wouldest not have been an officer in the army of Joshua, for, contrary to the commands of the Lord, thou wouldest have spared the Canaanites. And, now that I think of it, what is it I hear of thee this day from my friends John Camell and Paul Dod? It is even that thou hast an eye towards a certain Canaanitish woman of this town, the daughter of Deane, the tobacco merchant. Thou must bear in mind that an ordinance, founded on the seventh of Deuteronomy, was issued by Lord-Deputy Ireton, of sacred memory, forbidding all intercourse with the daughters of them that the Lord hath given over to destruction. '*Neither shalt thou make marriages with them*,' as it is given in the third verse of that chapter. And in the fourth verse thereof it is laid down that they who so mingle with this unclean people seek their own destruction: '*So will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you and destroy thee suddenly!*'"

But Charleton did not wait to hear all the good advice that the soldier-preacher had in store for him.

CHAPTER II

THE SAINTS IN COUNCIL

WHEN Charleton had effected some necessary changes of uniform, he went to the courtyard of the governor's house in High Street, where, as he had heard, some of the Claddagh captives were detained by an order of the governor himself; and among these were the aged king, his children Maeve and Cahal.

In the centre of the courtyard stood the governor and some members of his staff and council.

"You have not made a great haul of the Children of Darkness," said an officer to Mathews.

"By the aid of Beelzebub, the sons of Belial have for the present escaped," Mathews drawled out.

"Found ye any arms?" Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrey Hurd enquired of the governor.

"None but such as this," said a non-commissioned officer, taking a boat-hook from the corner of the yard.

"Fool! what want we with these implements?" roared the governor. "And what want we likewise with some of these savages that ye have brought in? Few of these will be worth their freight to the Indian

Bridges. Let me see thy face," he added, going towards the spot where Maeve stood clinging to her father, and holding her apron to her eyes. "But I forget; the pretty savage does not understand any civilised tongue. Where art thou, Lynch Fitz-Thomas? Canst thou interpret to me what the daughter of Ishmael saith? Am I to understand that there is to be found so much comeliness among the daughters of this Sidon of hovels? And who be the aged carl to whom the beautiful pagan clingeth so fondly? He looketh not like one who would find a ready market in the Plantations."

"That is the KING OF CLADDAGH, so please your worship," said the time-serving burgess, Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas.

"King! Sayest thou a king yet rules within these dominions? Then, by the sword of Gideon! he shall find that the Parliament of England will suffer no king to live where it hath power; he shall have shorter shrift than Charles Stuart had. But what can have befallen our brother Major Charleton? Oh, then, he is here! Why, Charleton, I was in fear thou hadst fallen into the hands of the Philistines."

"And if I had, your honour, as it appears, was well content to leave me to my fate. But I was more fortunate. I fell in, not with Philistines, but with Christians."

"Indeed! Pray do not let Mathews hear you say so," added the governor, with a hoarse laugh.

Leaving the prisoners under guard, Colonel Stubberd and his friends went to hold their council in the principal chamber of the governor's house.

The meeting was not a perfectly harmonious one. The leading fanatics, like Mathews and Camell, urged that the Claddagh captives should be sent without an hour's respite to the ship in the Roads bound for the Barbadoes ; full as it was, twenty or thirty additional convicts would not matter much to a stout vessel. Charleton, supported by the Eyres and one or two besides, opposed the motion. Paul Dod, Brock, and others withheld their opinions, awaiting some indication of what the governor intended to do.

"Before leaving my house this morning," said Mathews, in his most impressive drawl, "I said : 'Now will I seek the Lord.' And, taking up the Word as my counsellor, I found that it opened at the seventh of Deuteronomy." This announcement created some suppressed merriment, in which the governor would fain have joined, but that the glistening eyes of the speaker were upon him. "And therein I read : '*And when the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee, thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them. Thou shalt make no covenant with them nor show mercy to them.*' And again lower down I read : '*But thus shall ye deal with them : ye shall destroy their altars and break down their images, and cut down their groves and burn their graven images.*' And feeling a new strength arising within me, I entered the high place in Lombard Street, and I set me to work to remove the Mark of the Beast, which I found everywhere."

"You mean, of course, the Great Church of St Nicholas ?" Charleton interposed.

"Beshrew thee, Charleton !" said the soldier-

preacher, "thou hast, I wot, some Mark of the Beast in——"

"Well, try to remove it!" rejoined Charleton.

"Never mind," said Colonel Stubberd in an aside to Charleton. "But tell me, Jack, why didst thou attempt to deface the architectural features of so fine a building?"

"Thou hast heard the command of the Lord, even as it is in the seventh of Deuteronomy. But, in reply to thy question, I wish to remove all trace of Popery from the house of which thou speakest so admiringly."

"In candour, then, let me tell thee, Jack, that to give full effect to your interpretation of Holy Writ would be bad for our horses; thou shouldst have to blow up the building from the very foundations. Better to drop that matter, and come to the question in which we are more immediately concerned at present."

Whereupon Mathews urged that it was commanded of the Lord to root out the children of Amalek; it was the work of the Lord.

"And cursed are they that do the work of the Lord negligently," added the less talkative, but not less fanatical, John Camell.

"And who, pray, are to be your hewers of wood and drawers of water if you root out and utterly destroy the people whom you describe as Amalekites?" demanded Charleton. "Why do you torture Holy Writ for warrant to slay or banish people who have done you no wrong? These poor fishermen have not made war upon you; they have not even made common cause with your adversaries. It is all very well for you, Mathews, to pursue the people who

have lost by our coming hither. You have your reward in the Castle and lands of the Blakes of Menlough ; and the future historian, if he cares to think of you at all, will be at a loss to find what great service you have done the State to merit so rich a prize. Whoever else threatens your peaceful possession of Menlough, you have nothing to fear from the poor fishermen. I further submit that if you banish all those who have been purveyors to the ancient town of Galway, you take the best means of bringing upon us famine and its consequent horrors—perhaps I ought to say, rather, a continuance of these horrors, for they *are* upon us ; for, if you will only consider, it is not wise to have this town and the few places dependent on it at the mercy of foreign supplies, which may at any moment be interrupted by war or the perils of the sea."

"Thou makest some good points, brother Charleton," said the governor ; "and I shall think of the matter more at leisure. Meantime, I think I may enlarge the older captives who have been brought in this day."

"And the women ——"

"Your pardon, Charleton ! I had forgot. What heard I of a king among these Children of Ammon ? The Parliament and people of England will have no king within these realms."

"I opine they think not of bringing to the block a king who is dressed, housed, and fed as the poorest fisherman in the hamlet, and who claims no authority beyond what is conferred upon him by the free voices of the people whom he advises rather than rules. As

well may you think of bringing to the block our friend Gabriel King here present."

"In that case," said the governor, "he may for the present be allowed to follow his humble but useful craft, provided that he does not in any way aid our enemies as against the Chosen People of the Lord."

The governor's decision caused some murmuring, Mathews and Camell in particular holding it not merely dangerous, but sinful also, to grant quarter or reprieve to the Canaanites.

In his heart the governor thoroughly despised these canting fanatics. He could not, however, ignore them, for they stood high in the favour of the Lord President of Connacht, Sir Charles Coote, the younger, and also of the Commissioners for the Affairs of Ireland, sitting in Dublin. He hated Mathews in particular, who had succeeded in appropriating Menlough Castle, an edifice which to this day attracts the admiration of the tourist who sails up the Corrib. Partly by bullying, and partly by wheedling, Mathews had already gained a certain amount of ascendancy, occasioning much disgust and dislike on the part of Stubberd, which at times the latter did not choose to keep wholly concealed from those around him.

Charleton pressed for the immediate enlargement of all who had been taken that day. The governor did not care to go wholly against the advice of Mathews and Camell. *They* were real bigots; *he* was a bigot, because bigotry and that sort of thing were in the ascendant and were profitable. Stubberd was above all things avaricious; and he was cruel because he was avaricious. He had some soldierly

qualities, and, left to himself, he would not be cruel for the sake of cruelty, nor even for the sake of bigotry. In private life he had a share of the virtues, as they are called, which commonly pass muster for more than their real value. He was on terms of friendship with members of the Fourteen Families, although he had put them out of public life, and, in not a few cases, out of house and home.

The governor, therefore, refused to enlarge the women on that evening. Poor Maeve was detained a prisoner with some half dozen other young women of the Claddagh, while Conor MacRigh and some other aged persons were set free.

A sad night it was for the old King of Claddagh. His darling Maeve had not returned, nor had his son Cahal. The father and the children had been separated immediately after the review in the courtyard of the governor's house, and had been sent to three several places of confinement. The old man himself, with others who were considered unfit for the Plantations were sent for a few hours to the citadel at the town end of the West Bridge. He learnt that the boy Cahal and the younger men had been sent to *Tor-an-Leoin*, or the Lyons Tower, the largest and strongest of the fourteen towers on the town wall. But Maeve and other women had been detained in the courtyard while the men were carried to the strong places. What had happened to the poor women was as yet unknown to the King. Fearing that they were to be put aboard the ship bound for the Barbadoes, the heart-broken father, accompanied by a faithful friend,

spent the greater part of the night in his boat to make sure that his dear children were not taken off to the prison-ship. But the ship cleared out before sunrise, and no more prisoners had been sent out to it in the course of the night.

There was, so far, a ray of hope faintly glimmering through clouds of sorrow, for many bereavements had already tried the heart of the King of Claddagh. His wife and one of his children had been mortally wounded during the infamous buccaneering raid on the hamlet made by Lord Forbes ten years before, on the part of the Parliament of England ; and, at the same time, his little home and belongings had been reduced to ashes, as most of the habitations on that side of the river had been. His eldest son, much against the father's will, had gone to sea, and, as was believed, had gone down in his vessel, for no account had ever been heard of it. The two children on whom he rested the hope of his declining years were about to be consigned to a fate infinitely worse than death. There was another son who had not been with his father for over a year, and who was thinking of another calling. To add to the old man's sorrow and loneliness, his intended son-in-law, Carbra Conneely, had been arrested at the West Bridge, where he hoped to obtain some intelligence of Maeve and her brother.

CHAPTER III

"AN ARISTOCRACY IN HOVELS"

CHARLETON was fond of boating. Early on the following morning, while taking an airing on the river wall, he saw almost immediately under him a small boat being pulled up stream by a single rower; the tide was then high enough to arrest the rush of the river, which, at "low water," is too impetuous for navigation. Hailing the boat, Charleton made his way out by the *Ould Key* gate, and was very soon drifting down under the guidance of the English-speaking boatman who had saved his life the day before.

The meeting was a joyous one for both. It was a treat to Charleton to fall in with a boatman with whom he could converse, over and above the debt of gratitude which he already owed in the same quarter. And on this occasion the boatman had been fortunate in finding the very man he wished to see, in the hope of learning from him something as to the present condition and future prospects of the poor people who had been so unwarrantably deprived of liberty.

The news which Charleton could impart was scanty enough; but it was startling.

The King's daughter and three other young women had been sent to the vacant house in Cross Street, out of which the nuns had been driven upon the entry of the Cromwellian soldiers. They were seen by the officer on guard at ten o'clock the evening before. At six that morning, when the guard was changed, the prisoners had disappeared. Not a trace of them could be found, nor had anything occurred during the night to excite the least suspicion of an attempt to rescue. Moreover, the sentinels had been doubled, and twice in the course of the night they had been inspected by the governor himself. The closest scrutiny of doors and windows failed to reveal the slightest explanation of the mystery. Even the roof and the chimneys had been searched to no purpose. So far as any one could see, it was as an affair of witchcraft, or as if the prisoners had found the fern - seed and could walk unseen, and pass through gates like thin air.

The boatman heard all this with interest rather than surprise.

"They are not gone in the ship to ——"

"No, no," said Charleton, "the party who called for that course were out-voted. I believe my representation of the matter had some weight with the governor. I cannot say that he is much influenced by what people call humanity. But he has got a share of practical good sense, and therein he differs from some of those around him. I am not without

some confidence that the poor women will be found to be all right."

"And the young men?"

"I cannot say what may be done with them. They have, however, some reason to feel grateful that the West Indian barque was allowed to sail without them."

They were then passing between the two points or headlands—Renmore Point on the east, and Rintinane, now marked by Nimmo's Pier, on the west or Claddagh side—when a sorrowful-looking old man came pulling a coble towards them. Charleton's companion waved his hand towards the old man, and said in Irish: "All will be well; Maeve is safe." Whereupon the old man was seen to take off his hat, to cross himself in the attitude of fervent thanksgiving to the God of all mercies.

Charleton's boat pulled out slowly towards Hare Island to avoid notice from the castle on Mutton Island, where the lighthouse stands since 1818. The major was fond of fishing, and made some show of casting lines. But on this occasion his real object was to learn something of the strange people who inhabited the cluster of cabins, the white-washed walls and thatched roofs of which were now so conspicuous in the morning sun.

"How did it happen," he asked "that these people have not learned some civilisation from the inhabitants of the other bank of the river?"

"Talk of learning from the people of Galway!" exclaimed the boatman. "If you mean that the people of Claddagh should in any way imitate

the people of Galway, you know very little of the old aristocracy of The West—as we term the Claddagh side of the river."

"Aristocracy!" said the astonished major. "An aristocracy in hovels!"

"Truly you have hit upon the correct description, whether or not you intended it. The hovels are there, no doubt, and the people who inhabit them have all the essential characteristics of an ancient aristocracy—all except wealth and the many things, good and bad, that follow it."

In spite of his sense of good breeding, Charleton could not forbear laughing at what seemed to him so incongruous as an aristocracy in such surroundings. He could allow that the old burghers of Galway had some claim to the rank of aristocracy—a Venetian aristocracy, he added. They had kept apart from the Claddagh and from all the Irish of Connacht.

"Rather say," rejoined the boatman, "that the Claddagh holds aloof from the *Gallive*, as an old stock will hold aloof from upstarts and pretenders. You may, if you like, say that we have here at the mouth of the Corrib a Saxon or Norman colony on the east, and a Firbolgian settlement on the west, boasting of an antiquity that dwarfs the pretensions of those whose ancestors came over with Duke William. Such a people would look upon it as degradation to do as the *Gallive* do. Yes, sir, it is even so; Firbolgian and Norman row upon the same river, and are yet for ever apart."

"How comes it," quoth the major, "that you, a man of English speech, and, as I take it, of English descent,

can make yourself so much at home among these remnants of the Firbolgian nation?"

"That, too, I could explain," said the boatman; "but it may not be prudent to enlighten a stranger—a Cromwellian, too—on so delicate a question."

"I am sure you cannot suppose me to be so degraded a monster as to take any undue advantage of the man to whom, under God, I owe my life on this day. And if you had rendered me no such service, I should have sufficient penetration to mark you out as one worthy of trust. I am a Cromwellian, it is true, and while I have about me not a few in whom I could have no confidence if their interest, real or supposed, led them some other way, I never despair of finding a man of honour in even the least promising place. To me you may speak in confidence, and find no cause to repent of having put trust in me; for well can I see thou art no ordinary boatman; and, as a fisherman, thou mayest claim closer kin with the fishermen of the Lake of Galilee than with thy friends the fishermen of the Corrib side—the Claddagh, I wot, 'tis called."

"The people," added the boatman, "whom your colleagues speak of as the Sons of Belial, the Children of Ammon, and so forth—in short, a people whom the Lord hath marked out for extermination so that the Saints of the New Evangel may come into their own inheritance—the inheritance divinely decreed to them by Oliver Cromwell and that 'Senate of Sullas' the Parliament of England."

"I see," said the major, "thou hast a biting tongue when it pleaseth thee to use it; and, believe me, it

would go hard with thee if some of the Saints of whom thou speakest had heard thee even as I have heard thee now."

The boatman was well aware of all this, and he only spoke of the matter to give proof of his confidence in the gentleman whom he had so recently rescued from an inglorious death. The more important question now was—Could anything be done to rescue the poor fellows from the fate of exile, or to set them free?

Charleton feared that his own influence could not extend much further, although fully resolved to make the most of his opportunities. It was just possible that something might be done indirectly with the governor, but it would be no easy matter to obtain the enlargement of men who were fit subjects for the Plantations—men of whom money was to be made.

"Do you know the tobacco-merchant?" he asked somewhat casually.

"Stephen Deane? I know him well, for he is my own uncle."

"Indeed! And his daughter?"

"Gertrude is my cousin-german. Moreover, she is my god-daughter. I stood sponsor at her baptism a short time before I entered on my novitiate. But the fact is I have seen but little of them since I joined the Order of Preachers. I have been absent from the locality the greater part of the time since. Not many of my schoolmates could now recognise me, at all events, in this very secular guise."

The boatman did not fail to note that Charleton listened to this recital with more than ordinary atten-

tion, and that he evinced pleasure as well as surprise on hearing that the supposed boatman was so closely connected with the Deane family.

Charleton appeared to be of opinion that something might be done with the governor through Deane. Although the governor's house and the tobacco-merchant's were in different streets, the premises to the rear came in contact. The major had been the bearer of several messages from the governor to the merchant, and Deane was in the habit of paying secret visits to the colonel at times when other visitors were rigorously excluded. These visits, however, implied nothing dishonourable on the part of the Galway burgess, having reference solely to an extension of his business. Stubberd, it was said, was an American by birth ; and it was understood that he had considerable interest in a tobacco plantation in Virginia. On this hypothesis it was easy to see that the colonel would find it to his advantage to cultivate the acquaintance and, in a quiet sort of way, the friendship of the tobacco merchant.

Deane was just the man with whom an arrangement might be made with advantage to both. He was the cool, calculating man of business whose tongue and temper were well under control, and these qualities recommended him in a particular manner to the notice and patronage of the money-loving governor. Stubberd only once had seen Deane's daughter, but he had spoken of her in terms of admiration that rather astonished the major and others who heard the eulogium. But, while by no means insensible to beauty, the colonel's first love was gold,

and next to his love of money came his love of good eating and good drinking. The saints were sometimes a good deal shocked by his excesses, although it was prudent to be blind towards the ungodliness of a governor who was known to be in high favour with Oliver Cromwell, and with the foremost men of the Parliament and Army of England. It was even necessary, or at least advisable, to wink at his occasional fraternising with the Sons of Belial.

There was therefore a possibility that the governor might be moved in behalf of the prisoners through Deane. At all events, that for the present appeared to be the only promising course. So much the major intimated in brief terms, for he was eager to learn something of Gertrude's history.

"You have met Gertrude, then, I presume?" the boatman said. "You said, I think, that you had been in their house?"

"I can scarcely say that I met her there," Charleton replied. "The first and almost the only time I met her was while she was ministering to the wants of one of our soldiers who was stricken down in the plague. The plague had been in the house in which he and others were billeted. Miss Deane, it appears, had visited and relieved the people of the house when ill; and when she learnt that a soldier of the Parliament was stricken down, she did not hesitate to afford him cordial and attention as though he were one of her own. When I heard of this I was curious to see the maiden; for, I need hardly say, the mention of such generosity and true heroism made a deep impression on me. I resolved to see her, and when I did, the

impression—but I need say no more of that ; I felt as if I were in the presence of a princess, and not the daughter of a simple burgess in an Irish town."

The boatman smiled to find Charleton so effusive in expressions of admiration, and gave this account of Gertrude's history :

" She lost her mother in early infancy, and was brought up in the Dominican Convent then newly established. Her father married a second time, but Gertrude remained under the care of the good nuns till the stepmother died about two years since, and then she was taken home by her father. But she continued to visit the convent daily until the poor sisters were dispersed immediately after the surrender to Coote's army.

" The plague of which you speak had been raging for some time previous to the surrender, and was doubtless due to the want of wholesome food and the unutterable privations and sufferings necessarily entailed by nine months of rigorous siege. Undaunted by the alarms and horrors around her, the brave young maiden brought food and succour to many good persons who were stricken down by black want no less than by sickness. At first she assisted the nuns to bandage and nurse the wounded who were brought in from the walls and the streets ; for the convents were the hospitals in which such sufferers received the kindest attention and the most skilful treatment. Then, after a little, Gertrude had sufficient fortitude and skill to minister to the numberless patients in private houses, great numbers of whom were dying as much from want of attendance as from

the ravages of famine or the virulence of resulting distempers. These good offices she continued after the surrender. I regret to learn, however, that more recently she has been under the necessity of keeping within her own house, owing to the conduct of the soldiers on the streets."

For the first time a flush of anger passed over Charleton's grave, handsome features.

"Do I understand," he asked with some heat, "that the young lady has been prevented from following up her charitable avocations by anything like rudeness on the part of the soldiers or others in submission to the Parliament of England?"

"From the soldiers—as I have been informed."

"I wish I could find, on good proof, that anything of the kind has occurred! I certainly would leave no effort untried to bring the offender to condign punishment; and I promise you he would not be very likely to so misbehave a second time. I am glad you have mentioned the matter, for I will, even yet, endeavour to have enquiry made, and a stop put to such discreditable—such brutal—conduct."

As they rowed back towards the *Ould Key* gate Charleton asked whether it would be possible for them to meet at all events as often as the state of the weather would favour short excursions on the Bay or on the lake. In a few minutes it was arranged that Father Anthony, as he really was, should, at stated times, be in readiness to act in the capacity of boatman to the major.

"You have nothing to fear from me," said Charleton, "but I know not what may happen through others.

You are, of course, known to many about the river mouth?"

"To many indeed of the poorer sort; and I am aware that some on the town side would be able to recognise me in this disguise. I am not the only one who is under the necessity——"

"Better, perhaps, say nothing of that for the present."

"You are right, sir; it is needless. There is only one man who, so far as I know, would be disposed to betray me or any one circumstanced as I am; but, luckily, we have not met for years, and I doubt whether he could recognise me now."

"You mean——"

"Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas."

"Ah, that is a sneaking, detestable fellow. He is constantly hanging about the governor's skirts, is frequently in the company of Dod, Brock, King, and he appears to make some advances to Mathews and Camell, who hold it sinful to have dealings with any of the stock of Canaan. I said to the governor the other day that this same fellow would betray any one who puts trust in him. Believe me, you are in no danger of meeting that fellow in my company. But by what name are you to be known while with me?"

The boatman with a gesture of grave humour directed attention to the shade of auburn in his hair as he answered: "Roe. You see it is not inappropriate, as the term means 'red.'"

The tide was now almost full, and the force of the river current much less felt than when the so-called Roe pulled up towards the walls an hour and a half

earlier. The boatman would have spent longer on the water, but the hour was approaching when Charleton should, as in duty bound, meet the governor.

"I suppose he will search Galway with a candle to find the escaped prisoners?" said the boatman.

"It would be an awkward business," replied the major, "had any one else been responsible for placing the guard. As it is, I believe Stubberd will be disposed to let the matter slide, if he is not driven from his course by friends whom he detests while he sometimes yields to their demands."

"You would not wish that the poor creatures should again fall into his hands?"

"I suspect that the old boy hath a too friendly eye to the 'beautiful pagan,' as I have heard him call the King's daughter. It may mean no more than that she would fetch a high price in the Plantations. But there are people who take upon them to say that Colonel Peter Stubberd has not, in his own case, been strictly bound by the Ordinance of Ireton, or the seventh Deuteronomy, of which he hears so much from his over-zealous mentor, the whilom weaver, Jack Mathews. This is a matter in which an honest soldier is not bound to second his commanding officer."

The boatman, having landed his freight at the *Ould Key* gate, pulled a short way down the now almost still water, and then shot across to a sort of cave or bight, which contained a number of fishing-boats afloat at high water, but resting on the almost dry bottom when the tide was out. The sails hung loose to dry; all were dark or umber-coloured save one,

which was white. As the boat entered the cave heads arose from every hooker, and a voice, tremulous with anxiety, came from underneath the white sail, "Anything more about the *girsha* and the *gorsoon*?"

The answer came, "All will be well, with the help of God."

Then all heads were uncovered, and an act of thanksgiving broke from every one upon the hookers.

CHAPTER IV

RIVALS

RETURNING to the governor's house in High Street, Charleton found that the governor was not yet astir. Nor did he feel any surprise at this, knowing that Stubberd had been up during the greater part of the night, and that it was not his habit to be sparing in the use of creature comforts on such occasions.

It occurred to Charleton that he might be able, while the colonel was sleeping off the effects of his carouse, to make a beginning with the enquiry of which he had spoken before leaving the boat.

It has already been noted that the governor's and the tobacco merchant's premises met behind, although the houses fronted different streets ; and there was a secret door by which communication could be made direct from one place to the other. Charleton had frequently passed through bearing messages to Deane. He had a key, or he knew where to find one.

The merchant was in his office or counting-house, which lay to the rear of his dwelling. In this office he was to be found at almost any hour save the few devoted to sleep. Here he had received Charleton more than once as representing the colonel.

"I came on my own account this time and partly on your daughter's. Pray excuse my abrupt mention of Miss Deane. I regret to learn that she has of late been deterred from carrying on her charitable work owing to some apprehension of rudeness on the part of persons wearing the uniform of the Parliamentary army. My desire is to ascertain the facts from the young lady herself—if she and yourself have no objection—so that immediate steps may be taken to put a stop to such unsoldier-like behaviour."

Deane listened with a placid smile. He did not think that there was much to complain of from anything that had happened so far, but he had thought it his duty to intervene and to give advice on the matter to his daughter. However, the major could see what Gertrude had to say on her own account.

Gertrude very soon entered the apartment, somewhat sombre, in which the major and Deane awaited her arrival. There was a stately courtesy in her manner which, with her striking beauty and somewhat majestic figure, proved for a few moments not a little embarrassing to her cool self-possessed visitor. While she resumed the needlework which she had brought with her, Deane briefly introduced the object of the major's visit.

Charleton added that he would feel under very great obligations indeed if Miss Deane could assist him in bringing home the guilt—he could call it no less—to the parties who had so disgraced the soldier's calling.

Gertrude did not know that she could assist Major

Charleton in his enquiry. She could not mention any names, nor could she identify any one who had shown rudeness to her on the street.

"Some drunken rowdies," said Deane.

"Yes," said Charleton, "I regret to say that our discipline has been sadly relaxed since we entered the town; and, in spite of general orders, there has been a good deal of intoxication and disorder such as follows it. The wonder is, where or how the men can get the drink in a town which has suffered so much from famine at so recent a date. It would seem that drink is unexhaustible, however scarce bread may be."

At this point the merchant was called out to meet one who desired five minutes' converse with him.

To the major it seemed as if Gertrude had suddenly grown more stately and reserved the moment her father left the apartment. Could it be that she was resolved to be as little communicative as possible? It was by no means unlikely that she would feel the duty of maintaining the utmost reserve in the presence of one closely identified with the system which had already brought untold calamity on the town, and which boded further calamity in the near future. Brought up as she was in the strictest regard for her religion, she could hardly feel at ease in the hearing of one whose principles were so uncompromisingly hostile to all that she felt consoling in the practice of her faith. All this passed through the major's mind during the awkwardly lengthened pause which followed Deane's exit.

"I am afraid, Miss Deane," he said, with the least perceptible effort, "that you must regard my visit here this morning as an intrusion. You have little reason, I am forced to admit, to place much reliance in a Roundhead soldier."

"I am sure there are exceptions," she said, in a tone which might convey that she was aware of at least one exception.

"I trust there are, Miss Deane, although it may not be easy for you to allow credit to any one in particular for fair and honourable dealing towards the old inhabitants of the town. Permit me to say that you may let me have the full particulars of the misconduct of which you have had to complain, and rest assured that neither in this, nor in any other matter, will you have any reason to complain that I have abused your confidence."

Gertrude gave a brief account of what had happened on several occasions while she was out visiting the sick. On one occasion two soldiers, appearing the worse of drink, had got before her on the street. One tried to lay hold on her while the other snatched the reticule from her hand, and while they were turning out the few contents she contrived to escape. Her father would not hear of her going out again. The misconduct had been growing more insolent, not to say more alarming.

The major suggested that if Miss Deane could arrange to make a few visits at a fixed time, he could have a picket sent out to arrest any one who would presume to interfere with her. He would only ask her for the present to think of the sug-

gestion, and he would answer for performance on his part, or something very extraordinary should prevent him.

As Charleton was passing the door of the counting-house on his way back to the governor's, he was accosted in rather familiar terms by one who stood in the doorway. He turned to see who it was, and then passed on without taking the slightest notice of the richly-attired burgess who leered upon him so offensively.

It was Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas, who made the unavailing attempt to draw the major into conference, or, perhaps, to remind him that this visit was not so secret as had been intended.

"The fawning spaniel!" muttered Charleton, as he undid the lock of the passage-door.

And then he remembered what had been told him, that Lynch Fitz-Thomas was a suitor for the hand of Gertrude Deane, and, although not much in favour with the young lady herself, was looked upon by Deane as an eligible son-in-law.

"There's one thing," said Charleton, as he locked the door behind him, "one thing of which I am as sure as my life: so high-spirited and excellent a girl will never consent to be the wife of such a reptile; and it will require more compulsion than her father is capable of to force her to a match so repulsive to her noble nature."

These words were uttered, as the troubrous thoughts of the solitaire not unfrequently are, loud enough to be heard, had any one been near. The major turned on his heel to make sure that he had not

been overheard ; he was pleased to find that no one was about, and he was no less pleased to think that under no circumstances could Gertrude encourage the advances of her father's favourite.

We shall have occasion for further acquaintance with Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas. He was a member of one of the oldest families in Galway, and common repute had represented him as the wealthiest burgess. In this, as in such estimates generally, rumour had very much overshot the mark, but Lynch Fitz-Thomas was very well pleased to let the impression stand. Like many who went before him, and many who have lived since his day, his love of parade led him to maintain a show of affluence much in excess of the reality. He was vain and eager for distinction, and when we have said this we have pretty clearly indicated that he was not over nice as to the means of gratifying his desires, and that his principles were of the nebulous order. During the nine months' siege he wavered between the two parties into which the townspeople were at that critical period unhappily divided, and finding that neither party would accord him the importance he arrogated to himself, he entered into secret and traitorous correspondence with the Parliamentary leaders. Finally, when the surrender took place, and the town was in possession of the Puritans, he hastened to ingratiate himself with the governor and leading lights like Gabriel King, Elias Brock, Paul Dod, Jarvis Hind, James Cuffe, John Eyre, Edward Eyre, and others whose friendship might be worth something to him who could cultivate it, even at the expense of principle as well

as money ; while the new rulers, on the other hand, were not slow to perceive what a convenient and serviceable instrument was ready to their hand.

At this time, Deane was not fully aware of the relations already existing between Fitz-Thomas and the new masters of Galway. He was, of course, aware that there was considerable intercourse, but that did not seem in any degree heinous to one who was himself on something more than friendly terms with the governor. It was owing to the troubles of the past ten years that Fitz-Thomas had been prevented from acquiring such landed property as would give him "County" status. If he was to succeed in carrying out this design, it could be done only through the co-operation of those who had now risen to the sovereign power in Ireland as in England. Deane himself had a half-formed intention of retiring to some country seat as soon as he should be able to recuperate his finances, which, like those of every other trader in Galway, had suffered sadly by the social and political turmoil of the years 1641-52 ; and he had now prospects of wealth such as no other burgess possessed. Reluctant as he was to part with Gertrude, he observed with some concern how "the times were out of joint," and he would gladly have her married to Fitz-Thomas and removed from the perils which menaced her under the new order of things. Events had already occurred showing but too clearly that Gertrude must remain a close prisoner within doors, and it was not even certain that her father's roof would be a sufficient protection to her. The domination of the self-styled "Saints of God"

was day by day growing more insolent and more an affair of military licence. Where it would end, or how it would end, no man knew, but all things pointed to a lower depth of suffering and humiliation to the old inhabitants.

Deane had more than once spoken with his daughter on the subject. To his dismay no less than his surprise, he found that the name of Lynch Fitz-Thomas was not one to conjure with in Gertrude's hearing. It hardly occurred to the worldly-wise father that the inexperienced girl could have clearer insight into the man's real character than was within the ken of one whose views were wholly shaped by simply prudential motives. What was her objection? Not kindred? They were related, but not so closely as to be an obstacle to marriage. Not his age? He was perhaps a dozen years older than Gertrude. But she thought not of this. His appearance? In Deane's opinion there could be no grounds of objection on that score; for in the days when Galway people could still turn out in magnificence, who was more admired on the Spanish Parade than young Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas?

But Gertrude could not admire him. She disliked him—disliked that very appearance which, according to her father's account, had excited the admiration and the envy of the grandes who were wont to practise the *hidalgo* on the old Spanish Parade or on the newer airing ground, *The Green*, just outside the East Gate, in modern times known as Eyre Square. Had Gertrude stated more fully the grounds of her objections she would have said that Lynch Fitz-

Thomas was quite too much the creature of appearance. She was confident the appearance was the best of him, and even that was not a thing to admire, being so much made up of affectation and meanness.

Strange and wayward girl! thought Deane. What, then, did she propose to do? Was she keeping herself in reserve to be carried off by some Roundhead officer or soldier, perhaps against her own will? She would trust in God that no one would carry her off against her will. On the other hand, she was quite sure she never would, with her own consent, be the wife of any man whose hands were red with the blood of her poor countrymen, and whose spirit was darkened with persecution of the religion in which she would die even, if necessary, as the martyrs died.

Stranger still, and more wayward, did she seem to the prudent merchant when she declared her readiness to carry fish or to do washing and wringing in preference to living in opulence and state in any country mansion from which the rightful owner had been driven out by force and fraud under any pretence whatever.

Deane thought it more prudent to refrain from urging his wishes with too much persistence, supposing that the exuberance of youthful enthusiasm would pass off sooner if not indiscreetly opposed.

CHAPTER V

A MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS

THE governor did not rise from his bed that day, nor for many a day and week thereafter.

When his apartment was entered at an unusually late hour he was found to be very ill, and to all appearance, delirious. The circumstance created the utmost consternation and alarm, not merely in his own household, but throughout the congregation of the Saints of God as lately established in Galway.

To add to the confusion and alarm, there was not a Roundhead physician, regularly qualified, in the town ; and to call in a member of the profession from among the "Malignants" seemed a course too desperate to adopt even in the last extremity.

Some would make it appear that the governor was merely suffering from an "excess," the effects of which would pass off as on former occasions. The more sensible members held, with Charleton, that the illness was more than usually serious, and that the services of a competent physician, wherever found, should be requisitioned without delay.

"Would you put the governor into the hands of a

Popish recusant?" said John Mathews, with a look of horror at the possible outcome of such rashness.

"It is a medical man we require, Mathews," replied Charleton. "I have no intention of depriving the governor of the benefit of your spiritual ministrations when he desires them."

"You want to have the governor poisoned by a Jesuit in disguise?"

"No, Mathews; but I do not want to leave it in the power of people who, sagacious and charitable as yourself, may take upon them to say that you or I poisoned the governor."

On hearing which Mathews held his peace, and slunk back to confer with his friend in need, John Camell.

Without more delay Charleton went out and very soon returned with the foremost, and now almost the only physician in town.

Dr Athy might well have passed for a Castilian, and, without doubt, had his pedigree been searched, he would have shown a claim to Spanish blood. What is more to the present purpose, he had been educated both at Salamanca and at Padua, and could produce testimonials of honour from both universities. The dignified ease and courtly bearing of the scholarly gentleman never showed to greater advantage than in the presence of the rugged Cromwellian soldiers through whom he was obliged to force his way to the sick man's room.

After a minute's examination of the patient, Dr Athy, turning to Charleton, said in the softest tones:

"There is too much stir in this room ; the patient's case demands absolute quiet."

"Is it serious, doctor?"

"I fear so. There is danger of brain fever, if it has not already set in. Are you aware, has anything occurred to excite or annoy him to any unusual extent? But first we must get these people to retire." Then raising his voice, just a little, he said, turning towards the crowd : "Gentlemen, it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the patient that you should retire and avoid the least movement likely to cause excitement."

All did retire except Charleton, who was asked by the doctor to remain. Mathews, having gone a few paces towards the door, stealthily returned to where the doctor and Charleton were standing, and said with jerky eagerness, "I'll read a chapter for the governor."

"But *not* the seventh of Deuteronomy this time, Jack," said Charleton, speaking into the ear of the soldier-preacher.

The doctor motioned Mathews towards the door, and whispered : "Read the chapter for yourself outside, and pray for the patient. I caution you that if you observe not my order you may be the cause of the colonel's death," on hearing which, Mathews rather sulkily withdrew.

Charleton and the doctor stood for some time in the recess of the window looking out upon the street, or rather at the upper windows of the houses on the opposite side.

The major was not aware of anything which could

occasion shock to the governor's nerves or brain. The incidents of the preceding forty-eight hours were startling enough, and had occasioned much shock to others. But to Stubberd they were as nothing ; to butcher a thousand innocent people would cause him no more remorse than the gulping down of a goblet of Spanish wine.

"It is very strange," said Dr Athy. "The patient's condition points to one and but one cause. We must not, however, look for any explanation from himself until he is on the sure way to recovery ; and not even then unless the statement comes voluntarily. Now, what about attendance ? These fellows in buff-coats are but clumsy nurses. There is need for a skilled hand, and for more than one. Have you any such among you ?"

"I know of none," said Charleton. "And, in sooth, none of us deserve much tenderness at the hands of your people."

"Oh, no matter about that now. If you will undertake to maintain order and discipline in the house, I may be able to procure the necessary attendance for the patient. These boisterous people must be kept out—above all, that ranting fellow from Menlough ; he will upset everything if he can have his way. I will put my directions in writing, and it may be posted up in the ante-chamber."

The case of the escaped prisoners was lost sight of in the sensation produced by the inexplicable illness which had befallen the governor. Those who did think of the matter refrained from speaking of it, for the conviction was general that the escape was in

some way the cause of the illness ; and it was expressly ordered by the doctor that, at no time should any one introduce the subject of the escape to the governor himself, under pain of renewing the dis temper in a form more aggravated and perhaps more serious in the result.

For, contrary to the general expectation—and, if all may be told, contrary even to his own—Dr Athy succeeded in bringing his patient over the crisis. But although on the way to recovery Stubberd would be confined to his room, perhaps to his bed, for many weeks to come.

One evening, soon after the turn for the better had set in, the doctor and Charleton were on the landing discussing the question whether certain persons ought or ought not to be admitted to the sick-room—if only for the better assurance that all was going well—when they were startled by the loud and angry tones of some one giving off at a great rate in the passage near the front door.

Charleton, quickly descending a few steps, was heard to say: “For God’s sake, Mathews, control yourself! Do you wish to cause a relapse to the governor?”

“Is he mad?” said the doctor, also descending to the place whence the noise proceeded.

“I am not mad, doctor,” said Mathews, “I am but as one who is wroth with the iniquity of the evil-doer, and that which the Lord puts into my mouth I must utter.”

“See, my friend! softly, or retire to the outside;” and as the doctor said this he advanced with the air

of one who would eject the brawler without calling upon the sentinels on guard at the door.

Mathews almost collapsed, while he muttered a clumsy apology.

“Can’t you tell us what is the matter, Jack?” said Charleton. “Tell it, and make no noise. Or come this way!” and they all entered a vacant apartment. “Tell us now, if you can, what has disturbed thy serene soul?”

“How lightly thou canst speak of the enormities of superstition, Charleton. Think of how my spirit was tortured by witnessing the abomination of Moab about to be performed this afternoon at my very door in Menlough!”

“Oh, indeed! That would have scandalised thee exceedingly! Tell us all about it, Jack!”

“Thus it was, Charleton. While I was walking on the river terrace, behold! the river towards town, and as far as Tirrelan, was alive with boats all tricked out in the gaudy allurements of Satan!”

“Indeed!”

“But think how great was the sorrow of my soul when I saw them landing on a portion of my demesne grounds, and forthwith set up the standards of their idolatry on the land which is the inheritance of the Lord!”

“Flesh and blood! how didst thou bear it, Jack?”

“I sent the steward to order off the heathenish rout, and to signify that if they remained but fifteen minutes longer I would have the carbineers on guard at the castle to fire on the delinquents.”

“Done like thyself, Jack!”

"Oh!" said Dr Athy, with an amused air, "I see how it is. The people of town and country have long been in the habit of assembling on the grounds of Menlough to celebrate the May with games and pastimes. The Blakes of Menlough always made the people welcome to the grounds, and would join in the games as good neighbours ought to."

"But," added Charleton, with an arch look from Mathews to the doctor, "you would not have one of the Elect to follow the ungodly ways of the Blakes of Menlough!"

"It were too much to expect," said the doctor, turning away from the canting creature.

"I am sure," said Mathews, "that I saw among the rout some of the very women who were prisoners——"

The doctor had his hand on the door-latch. Turning, he raised a finger with the accompaniment of a look of rebuke, and Mathews stopped in the middle of his sentence.

"You must remember, Mathews," said Charleton, when the doctor had left the apartment, "that for the present we are all bound by Dr Athy's order; and you are aware what that order is, and what it imports to us all."

On the landing outside the colonel's apartment the doctor stood for a short time gazing with the vacant look of one for the time lost in thought. On looking he observed a pale, thoughtful face at an upper window on the opposite side of the somewhat narrow street, but almost at the same instant the face disappeared.

"That face!" murmured the doctor. "I ought to

know it surely, and yet I cannot say that I do. I have seen it, but where?"

In the midst of his reverie he was accosted by an elderly dame in coarse garb that accorded but poorly with her manner, which was at once refined, active, and self-possessed.

"Our patient appears to progress very well, I think, doctor."

"Very well, indeed, Sister Aloysia. But," he added with an incredulous smile, "do you think will he repay your good care when he is completely restored?"

"We do not think of that, doctor. The call of duty is not to be limited by such considerations, as you very well understand yourself. I suppose Miss Deane and her maid will not give further attendance here?"

"I told her this morning that it was better for her to cease coming to help you and Sister Theodosia, as people will soon be coming in whom she would not care to meet. I have just now made up my mind to interdict visits for another week, and by that time, or before, you and the other Sister may retire and let some other hands be got to take your place."

Charleton was coming up the stair, and the Sister went into the apartment adjoining the sick-room.

"I have heard something else from Mathews. The men who were imprisoned in the Lyons Tower were removed early this morning to assist in repairing the old castle on Mutton Island, and then they are to be detained there till it suits to convey them to the Indian Bridges. The order was passed yesterday, but I heard nothing of it."

"And perhaps they are just as happy to have some work to do," the doctor said.

"I don't know," said Charleton, "whether it be a kind of happiness to be detained prisoners and slaves within full view of their own cabins. I am not sure whether the old King of Claddagh would feel any happier to know that his son and intended son-in-law have had such a change."

"Or, whether—but we can think of it."

Dr Athy then mentioned the matters of which he had been speaking to the Sister.

"Yes, I should think that to be the best course. That fellow, Lynch Fitz-Thomas, would have been up the stair yesterday but for the prompt interference of the sentry."

"Ah! let him wait! Let them all wait a few days longer, and then our responsibility will be less."

Before the week had passed the nurses to whom the governor was so much indebted had left, and visits were permitted by the doctor. To the end Stubberd believed that he owed his life to the gentle care of Deane's daughter and to the skill of Dr Athy. No one thought it necessary to enlighten him as to the status of the other nurses, whom he looked upon as merely paid assistants acting under Miss Deane, whereas she and her maid were merely acting in relief of the two regular nurses, who knew that the object of their care and attention was likely, as soon as he got well, to reward them with banishment, if nothing worse.

CHAPTER VI

GLIMPSES OF HISTORY

THE siege of Galway, one of the memorable events in the history of Ireland, lasted nine months, during which the inhabitants suffered every species of privation while repelling with the utmost bravery the energetic attacks of the besiegers, and yielded only when reduced to absolute want.

Hardiman, the historian of Galway, says:—

Preston, the gallant Irish commander, betrayed and gradually defeated in every other quarter, finally threw himself into Galway, where he was entrusted with the chief command, and honoured with the title of governor. The town was soon invested by Coote and Commissary-General Reynolds, and reduced to a state of blockade. The Castles of Tirrelan, Oranmore, and Clare-Galway were taken, and on 12th August 1651 the enemy pitched their camp between Lough-a-thalia and Suckeen, within a few hundred yards of the walls.

The inhabitants resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, but there was an enemy to contend with more invincible than the Parliamentary army. In the midst of the siege two desperate but unavailing attempts were made to get in supplies. About eighty inhabitants went privately out of town and seized a hundred head of cattle, but were met by the

enemy ; sixty were killed and the cattle re-taken. A greater disappointment followed : two vessels laden with corn were pursued by two Parliamentary frigates ; one vessel was taken, the other was lost on the rocks near Aran. The want of provisions obliged the inhabitants, wasted by fatigue and pestilence, to submit to a treaty of capitulation with Coote. The conditions originally offered to Limerick by Ireton were now made the basis of the articles, which were finally agreed upon, and signed on 5th April 1652. By these articles—honourable to both sides, had they been honourably observed by the party triumphant—the town, forts, and fortifications were to be delivered up to Sir Charles Coote, for the Parliament of England, on 12th instant ; all persons within the town were to have quarter for their lives, liberties, and persons, and six months to depart with their goods to any part of the kingdom or beyond the seas. The same time was allowed the clergy to quit the kingdom. All those comprised in the second and third articles were to have an indemnity, except Dominic Kirwan and those who with him had, so far back as 19th March 1641, captured in the harbour the Parliamentary ship commanded by Captain Clarke. The inhabitants were to enter into and enjoy all real estate. The corporation charter and privileges were guaranteed. Coote was to procure ratification of the articles within twenty days. Sir Valentine Blake, Sir Oliver Ffrench, John Blake, and Dominic Blake were to be delivered up as hostages. The new castle at Tirrelan and the fort on Mutton Island were to be surrendered by noon the following day.

Coote's despatches reached the Castle of Dublin at midnight, 11th April 1652, and even at this "witching hour" a council was called. *The articles were considered too favourable to the rebels.* The result of the conference was despatched back that night with the object of preventing the ratification of the treaty, but the surrender had been accomplished while the pursuivant was still on the way to Galway.

On the 12th April, Colonel Peter Stubberd (or Stubbers) marched in with two companies of foot, and was constituted military governor of the town by Sir Charles Coote, the younger, Lord President of Connacht.

From the first moment it is clear that there was no intention on the part of the conquerors to be bound by the articles.

Coote informed the Commissioners for the Affairs of Ireland that, if the Parliament of England ordered that no Papists should be permitted to reside in any garrison in Ireland, *he was sure the inhabitants of Galway would declare themselves bound by such a law, and that they would not insist on the articles !!* He was sure indeed that the inhabitants of Galway would be left no alternative in the matter.

The Cromwellians were no sooner within town than the monasteries and convents were broken up and ransacked, and these buildings as well as all the churches were converted to secular uses. By way of removing the "Mark of the Beast," the altars and statues in the Great Church of St Nicholas were torn down, the sculpture was defaced and the officers' horses were stabled in the aisles and chapels !

At the beginning also a weekly contribution of £400 towards the support of the new garrison was imposed on the townspeople, or that remnant of them that had survived, impoverished as they were by the horrors of the siege in addition to the ten years' warfare preceding ; and so remorselessly was the tribute exacted every Saturday that, as we are informed by the contemporary writer, Dr John Lynch, himself a Galway man, the sound of the trumpet or the beat of drum excited among the oppressed inhabitants terrors akin to those of the Last Judgment !

The governor would not listen to the remonstrance of the oppressed ; and when they appealed to the Commissioners in Dublin, citing the articles of capitulation, they received a reply which left them in no doubt as to their position. They could easily infer that they had no reason to expect relief in the present, and that, as soon as circumstances would permit, they might be prepared for more drastic measures.

What these measures were, and how they were carried, will be illustrated in the sequel.

No wonder that at the period of our story the wretched inhabitants shrank within their houses ; there was no one to be seen on the Spanish Parade or at any place of resort ; the streets were deserted save by a soldiery who chanted hymns and vented terms of reproach against " the tribes," as they were wont, in derision, to term the old *families* of the *Gallive*—a soldiery always intoxicated, if not with wine or *usquebaugh*, at any rate with a more offensive stimulant of fanaticism and insolence, ever ready to manifest their zeal in the service of the Lord by in-

sulting or maltreating the most defenceless of His creatures! People who were under the necessity of going abroad in furtherance of their business did so at much risk to their lives ; and, indeed, no one could carry on business except by securing the protection of some one in authority. There was still a mayor and the shadow of a corporation, but they could afford the disarmed people very little protection against the licence of military domination. The one fixed principle on the part of the new governors was that the old inhabitants were to have no rights in Galway, and that their presence there was too much of a "mercy" towards the "Canaanites."

These matters were discussed some weeks later on in the governor's apartment, between himself and Deane. Stubberd was again restored to health, and had taken it into his own hands to prescribe for his wants.

"And be it known to thee, Stephen," said he, "there be about me people who blame me—if they dared to speak out—for showing too much favour towards Popish recusants. So it behoves me to move warily."

"They cannot accuse you of showing more favour than is due by the terms of capitulation. This weekly tribute is not only a violation of the articles, but is most vexatious, owing to the conduct of the soldiers, who force a way into houses——"

"In sooth, Stephen, those articles need not be mentioned—only so much parchment spoiled. And it is not for thee to complain. I owe something to yourself, and a great deal to your daughter ; and

your house will not be ransacked if I can prevent it. But why don't the people hand in their contributions at beat of drum on Saturday, and there would be no occasion to collect at the houses?"

"You cannot be ignorant, sir, that, in many cases, the people have not the money."

"Then must we have payment in kind. The law of distress, thou knowest, Stephen——"

"In this case the law causes much distress, and much that is worse."

The colonel shook his head, and tossed off the contents of another goblet.

"You are to understand, Stephen, that there are among us some who think they ought to be better provided for; they point to the comfortable position of some Popish recusants. As I augur, something must come of this. I tell thee so, Stephen, that thou mayst appraise my friendship at its truest value."

The same subject was even more explicitly discussed on the following day between Charleton and his boatman Roe, as they were pulling up the river towards the great lake.

"Menlough!" said, or rather sighed, the boatman.

"Yes, an extraordinary prize for one who, for anything we know, may be some Charity Foundation brat," said Charleton. "Let us get on! I don't care to be delayed listening to Jack's commentary on the seventh of Deuteronomy. Jack does not put his candle under a bushel. For a wonder, he is not to be seen on the front here."

As they were entering the lower expanse of the lake they ran almost against a hooker running under

a brown lug-sail. In the hooker were three men almost hidden by the cargo of firewood. The man who sat astern exchanged a nod with Roe as he pushed an oar against the lugger to avoid collision.

“ You know that man ? ” said Charleton.

The boatman nodded in reply.

“ I observe the same face—it is not one to forget easily—occasionally at a broken window in the half-dismantled house opposite the governor’s. Whatever led the governor to think there might be some danger brewing, he directed me, the day after he left his bed, to make a thorough search of that house. I searched, and found nothing more treasonable than a small stock of firewood and peats which a decrepit old fellow wished to sell to us.”

The boatman explained that the principal supply of fuel for the town was brought down the lake and landed at Wood Quay near the Abbey Gate on the north side. As was apparent from the number of sails on the lake, there was quite a fleet of boats mainly engaged in this business. He added that the upper portion of the lake was extremely picturesque. His wish was to divert attention from the woodman. “ Why are Republicans so bitter towards the religion of our people—or the big majority of them ? ”

“ You know what James I. used to say : ‘ *No Bishop, no King.* ’ ”

“ That goes but a short way. I think I could come nearer the mark, but we will let that pass. Has it ever struck you, as an Englishman, how closely connected the hatred for our people is with the love for our lands ? ”

“Something of the kind I have thought of since I came to this country. It has, indeed, more than once occurred to me that the zeal for the conversion or the civilisation of the Irish people has always been of less account than the hunger for estates in this country.”

“There you have it, major! If our lands had not been worth coveting, our people would never have been held up as requiring either civilisation or conversion. Our people have been derided and maligned because their lands were desired by their would-be civilisers. What was your idea of civilising us? Did it not amount to this—we were to be exterminated?”

“Follow that up a little,” said the major, “and you will have stated in brief the case of the Parliamentary campaign in Ireland. We are doing as your rulers have been doing these five hundred years, only doing it with more system and more immediate effect. Just let me point out to you that you people of Ireland—Galway people, in particular, I should say—have an extraordinary weakness for monarchy; your devotion to kings has at all times cost you dear. And very dear, I am afraid, will your devotion to Charles Stuart cost you, not to speak of what he has already cost you. I speak not my own sentiments, but the sentiments of those who occupy more important place. Not many of those who joined the opposition to Charles the stiff-necked imagined where it would land them?”

“Not even Oliver?”

“Not even Oliver. Some people will tell you how

he saw his way to everything. In a sense he did ; he knew how to improve on his advantages. Very unwilling he was to come to Ireland at all. And while on his way to Milford his idea was to make some arrangement with the Irish leaders, and get back as soon as he could to watch the game in England. The snatch victory gained from Ormonde by Jones at Rathmines changed all. Instead of making for Cork or Waterford, as he at first intended, he landed at Ringsend. The marvellous great mercies of Tredah (or Drogheda) and Wexford followed. Oliver grew with prodigious rapidity ; but it was lucky for him that the King's cause was in the hands of such a wobbler as Ormonde, and that Ormonde had found a new ally in the many-sided Inchiquin. There might have been a different story to tell had Oliver begun at Clonmel, where he was as well put on his mettle as ever general was. What of that now ! Yes, Oliver and his party find themselves now in a position to accomplish what Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart alike aimed at with more or less partial success—but only partial success."

He asked the boatman to keep to the right as he wished to have a clearer idea of the country around Menlough ; it was a part of his duties to send out pickets in that quarter at the instance of the new master of Menlough Castle. At another time the boatman would have directed attention to the curious features of the lake coast, and to the formation of the great flats which, separated by the channel known as the "Friars' Cut," occupy a considerable space near the southern end of Lough Corrib.

But the more absorbing topic alone had place in his thoughts.

“In spite of the capitulation?”

“It is for Parliament—that is, for the more intolerant portions of it—to overrule such conventions. Let it not be said that there is any inconsistency in this. It is held, I can tell you, that those who have not been in constant good affection have no rights whatever, and cannot possibly be wronged, no matter what may happen to them. Talk of rights, indeed! As Jack Mathews would put it, the seventh of Deuteronomy settles the matter.”

“And if the seventh of Deuteronomy had never been written, the matter would still be settled very much in the same way.”

“Precisely. There may be some little delay. There are yet some preliminaries to be settled. But there are heavy liabilities to meet, and ‘the war must pay for itself.’ You know what that means. I suppose I am playing the part of the petrel at sea, but I can safely disavow any intentional part in raising the storm. Perhaps we have said enough about it for the present.”

As they glided down the river towards the town the boatman had much to say about the two castles on the left bank, particularly that of Tirrelan, about half-way between Galway and Menlough, once a stronghold of the De Burgos, and quite recently in the occupation of the Earl of Clanrickarde, but at this time garrisoned by the soldiers of the Parliament.

Approaching Wood Quay an elegantly-dressed man was seen lounging near the landing-place.

"It is Lynch Fitz-Thomas," said the boatman. "I do not wish to meet him."

"Nor do I," said the major. "Pull in here and let me out."

As soon as Charleton stepped ashore the boatman pulled out so as to avoid the scrutiny of the renegade.

Fitz-Thomas made towards the major, evidently with the object of accosting him, but the latter brushed past, taking no notice of the unwelcome advance.

The boatman could perceive that the repulse told very plainly on Fitz-Thomas; and to add to the humiliation, there was some audible tittering among the few loungers who were witness of the occurrence.

The extent of the creature's perfidy was rather suspected than known, but his character had been so well established that no one would put much trust in him.

Fitz-Thomas was bent on keeping a watch on Charleton, whom he already set down as an obstacle between him and Gertrude Deane. No one had indeed yet heard Charleton breathe a syllable which would justify such an imputation. If put to his solemn oath, he could solemnly aver that he had no intention of seeking her hand. He was sensible that, in existing circumstances, or in any circumstances likely to exist in the measurable future, such an alliance was utterly out of the question. Even if she were to accept him, it would be at the risk of his fortune, even of his life. But that was not all, or nearly all. He was aware of her views, and of her attitude towards the principles, political and religious,

with which he was identified. Moreover, he was fully sensible that a crisis was about to come which would intensify the state of strain, and, so far as any one could know, would create a chasm for ever impassable. To his chivalrous mind it would be not only fatuous but criminal to make advances which promised only repulse, or which, even if successful in interesting her heart, would lead only to disappointment.

But none of this was known to Lynch Fitz-Thomas. He had set himself to watch and, at all hazards, to baffle his supposed rival.

CHAPTER VII

THE SORROWS OF A MISCREANT

IT was not from Charleton alone that the unprincipled Lynch Fitz-Thomas experienced rebuffs and contempt. The Roundheads distrusted him; the more fanatical members looked upon him as a wily Canaanite who sought to defraud the Chosen People of so much of the inheritance assigned to them by the Lord. Others held that he might prove an instrument for good owing to his knowledge of the Popish recusants, their ways, their habits, and their means. They who saw there was a way to use him and to profit by him made him a show of friendship, but that it was no more than a show was clear enough to himself. His old friends and acquaintances—who, indeed, never had a high opinion of his sincerity or his worth—regarded his intercourse with the officers of the garrison with looks and expressions of disfavour which hurt his vanity. Before he had spent many weeks in paying court to the governor and his advisers, he began to doubt whether he had consulted his own happiness in the step he had taken with a view to his own interests, though he endeavoured to persuade himself

that all would turn to his advantage in the course of a little time. At any rate, he felt that he had enlisted and was already bound to the service. He was indeed well within the toils of some of the abler wire-pullers of the party.

"Thou didst do a wise thing for thyself," said Paul Dod to him one day, as they stood by an upper window in the Tholsel. "The people among whom thou didst dwell are given over to destruction. I cannot expound Holy Writ so well as my friends John Mathews and John Camell, but I can tell thee that the Destroying Angel will pass over the houses of this idolatrous nation, and woe be to them that have not the proper sign on their door-posts!"

"I think I know what you would be at," said Lynch Fitz-Thomas. "But what need is there to speak in parables?"

"Well, this is how it stands: We are about to build a house to the praise of the Lord."

"Have you not enough already?" and as he said this Lynch Fitz-Thomas pointed in the direction of the Great Church of St Nicholas.

Dod's smile at once turned to a scowl.

"Let none of our people hear thee mention that, or they will say thou art a Popish recusant still. We have decided in council that no house that has borne the 'Mark of the Beast'—so sayeth the resolution—can be a fit place for the service of the Lord. So we are going to build a house in which to hold the meetings of the Church of Christ. We have also decreed that it is meet that the expense should be borne by the Popish recusants, for they are a head-

strong people, whose necks the Lord would bend." To which the renegade listened with mingled feelings, but dismay and dissatisfaction were uppermost even when he tried to think that he had done well in making his escape from the ranks of the doomed.

"Thou hearest me!" continued Dod. "Now canst thou prove thyself a worthy recruit to the army of the Saints! Thou knowest best how this levy is to be apportioned, for well thou knowest who can pay much and who can pay less. I am to convey to thee the will of the council that thou forthwith prepare a list of the Popish recusants within the town, and then thou canst fix the quota to be paid by each, so that the Lord may have due praise and glory."

If Lynch Fitz-Thomas disliked the commission he did not choose to say so, for he was sensible that he might not refuse. The thought uppermost in his mind was that he had doomed himself to drink very bitter waters when he decided on abandoning his countrymen and his faith, and handing himself over to the common enemy of both. But he had chosen his lot and yoked himself to it.

The Tholsel or Town Hall had been re-edified about the time of the outbreak of the Civil War. It stood near the junction of the High Street and the Mainguard Street with Shop Street. The building was "underpopped by massive pillars of granite," affording passage between the churchyard and the principal thoroughfare.

Before Paul Dod had quite finished his "humble advice" to his convert, the merchant Deane was seen passing on the opposite side of the street.

Hurriedly descending, Fitz-Thomas beckoned to his friend, who crossed over and joined him under the colonnade.

"I wished to speak on a matter of importance," said Fitz-Thomas, leading the way towards the churchyard.

No wonder Deane almost sickened at the sight. All around there were great heaps of stable manure, and from within could be heard the rude chaff of the soldiers who were attending to the horses, while those about the doors honoured the burgesses with jeers and coarse jests. Deane shuddered at the desecration of the sacred edifice, that noble monument of the piety and affluence of their fathers in the fourteenth century. His companion thought not of this, but he was not a little piqued to find that, after all, he was not yet in favour with the Puritan rank and file.

"Come away!" he said impatiently.

"Pray, what do you want?" said Deane, for he had no wish to be seen, either by Roundhead or *Gallive*, in the company of the man who was suspected and detested by both almost alike.

Nor did Fitz-Thomas answer until he had almost dragged his friend under an archway in Lombard Street. "I can serve you now," he then said, "if you will but stand to me." And he hurriedly recited what he had just learnt through Paul Dod, without, however, admitting how fully he was implicated in the matter himself.

Deane's looks rather than his words signified that the subject was not so new to him, and that he was not ignorant of his informant's commission.

"Is there anything more?" he asked, for he was eager to escape from a disagreeable situation.

"I can promise to keep you safe—if—you will give me—Gertrude——"

"Pray do not mention that. I can't dispose of Gertrude's hand and heart as if she were but a bale of merchandise. I wonder much that you could be so unreasonable. I told you that I will never force my daughter into an alliance of which she does not herself approve. I have been disposed to favour your suit as far as an affectionate father may; but I cannot say that your recent movements have increased my zeal in your behalf. And for certain, you are not taking the course that promises to win the girl's heart. I am sorry for you—very sorry indeed." And having said this, he rushed out from the colonnade and continued his course in the direction of the East Gate.

"You'll rue it!" said the miscreant. "And so will——"

"Was not that the merchant Deane who left you even now?" It was Dod who had, unseen, made his way to the disappointed suitor. "This way, a little," and he showed the way up the stone stairs to the apartment in which they had been in conference not many minutes before. "My friend Elijah Brock adviseth me that this Deane is a man of substance, but standeth on terms with the governor. It goeth that he may even move the governor to shield him——"

"Leave the matter in the hands of your servant, and it may be possible to him to——"

"If thou canst accomplish anything acceptable to the Lord, be sure the service will not be overlooked when the Saints come to their inheritance." It was John Camell who said this, advancing towards the window at which Dod and Lynch Fitz-Thomas were standing.

"John Camell!" said Dod, "didst thou tell me that there are even yet some of the ministers of Babylon lurking within the precincts of Galway?"

"I said there be some good reason to suspect that such dangerous persons be concealed in the town or the vicinity thereof; but the Chosen People are baffled to find where the Priests of Baal lie concealed; the malignants will not discover, or answer only in the heathenish jargon which is not comprehended of the People of God. Now, Lynch, Son of Thomas, here is an opening for thee. If thou canst drag from their lair any of these troublesome beasts, thou wilt do a good stroke of business for thyself and for us all; for there be no safety for the Chosen People while any of these ministers of Moloch be at large. Besides, it were a monstrous discredit to us with the Parliament of England. For did not Pym assure the people that a priest would not be left in Ireland? Now, Lynch, Son of Thomas, be it known to thee that, as thou livest among the Chosen People of God, it is expected of thee who hast knowledge of people and place to manifest thy zeal in the good cause by putting it in our power to swing some of these lurking sources of sedition from the clock-tower over the East Gate. Do this, and it shall be well with thee."

The wretched man attempted to show the difficulties that lay in the way. Personally, he knew but little. His intercourse with the people wanted had been but slight, and he was not sure that he could recognise any of them in disguise, while he was quite sure that he could not count on the co-operation of those who might otherwise be able to assist him. In the attitude he had taken up he was all alone, and very bitterly did he feel that his isolation exposed him to suspicion and distrust from all sides.

“ Speak not of the difficulty,” Camell urged. “ The Lord hath marked thee out for this work, and hath put it upon thee, and *Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently.*”

It was almost the first occasion on which John Camell had thought fit to speak to Dod’s convert. He spoke at such length to signify that Lynch Fitz-Thomas was expected to render some signal services, if he wished to enjoy the esteem or the confidence of those to whom he had sold his birthright ; and it was made clear enough to him that no mere allegation of difficulties would excuse him if he failed to perform what was expected from him.

CHAPTER VIII

AT WORK

HAD the recreant Lynch Fitz-Thomas any suspicion that the objects aimed at in his new commission might be concealed on or about the premises of Deane, the tobacco merchant? Or was it in the furtherance of that suit which every day was growing more hateful to Gertrude that he hung about the door and made so many unavailing attempts to see her even at a window. The dark threat held out to her father was not forgotten; but it occurred to him that he might turn the new danger to account by a bold attempt to search the place, and to make a show of defending Gertrude from the insolence or rudeness of the soldiers. Then it would occur to him that the course might be too desperate, and might extinguish the only ray of hope now left to him.

There were many half-ruined abandoned houses then in the town—houses which had been abandoned by the owners who could escape from the horrors of the protracted siege. There was such a house immediately adjoining Deane's, but the basement portion

had recently been utilised by the merchant as a convenient addition to his store, and it was well understood that he would not overlook the claims of the rightful owner or his representatives should any turn up. This department—used as an office for making up and forwarding bales or packages to customers in other places—was in charge of a man named Joyce, who slept in a back apartment, but had his meals supplied from the merchant's kitchen. The two upper flats appeared to be wholly unoccupied.

It occurred to Fitz-Thomas that something might be done through Joyce. This man would certainly know if any suspicious persons were harboured on or about the premises, and if there were, it appeared likely that the manager could be acted upon. Another disappointment; Joyce would have nothing to do with the traitor, and it must be allowed that Fitz-Thomas was, after all, but poorly fitted to play the part he undertook or had forced upon him. He had the manners and duplicity but neither the resource nor the "cheek" to be an accomplished renegade.

Finding that Joyce would give no ear to blandishments or menace, he demanded his contribution towards the erection of the meeting-house. Joyce refused to contribute to such a purpose. He paid his share of the weekly levy for the support of the army; it was a cruel impost, but it was not unknown to the law of war. The new demand he would resist to the death as an outrage on all law, human and divine. He had only his weekly wage; he had

nothing to forfeit except his liberty or his life, and these he would willingly forfeit before doing what he conceived to be a base and wicked act.

Now the custom had already been to raid the houses of those who failed to pay the weekly mulct before a fixed hour on Saturday, and to carry away whatever could be seized in satisfaction. Fitz-Thomas knew well that Joyce had no effects. It was a pretext for getting at Deane by a side issue. Accordingly, he communicated with his friends, Paul Dod and Elijah Brock.

A party of soldiers armed with carbines — some with lighted matches — made a rush for the store. Instead of seizing goods they invaded the upper flats. In the one immediately over the store nothing was found. At the top of the stair they came upon a closed door. It was broken in with the stocks of the carbines. As the work of demolition was proceeding the shrieks of affrighted women could be heard from within.

The door gave way, and lo! there stood in the passage the figure of a simple but beautiful girl, her great dark eyes flashing defiance, and in her hand a drawn sabre, the point of which she presented to the first who attempted to enter. As she did so a carbinier raised his piece to fire at her, but the muzzle was on the instant knocked upwards by the sword of an officer who had hurried up in the nick of time. The ball lodged in the top of the oaken door - frame. The savage soldiers were instantly ordered to the street. When the smoke cleared a little, the officer, looking in, raised his helmet on

seeing huddled up in the corners some five or six terrified ladies, showing under partial disguise the garb of the cloister, while in the centre of the floor stood, slightly flushed but unawed, Maeve MacRigh, the daughter of the bereaved King of Claddagh.

“A brave lass!” said Major Charleton, for it was he who had come to the rescue, having followed the party on learning their destination. “I’ll protect you,” he said to the ladies, and then withdrew.

The malicious project proved a sorry humiliation to the contriver. Colonel Stubberd was furious when complaint was made to him both by Deane and Charleton. He abused Fitz-Thomas almost as the wretch deserved, and even threatened him with a free passage to the Indian Bridges if ever he would again interfere with Deane’s premises without a regular warrant. Worse than all, from the recreant’s own point of view, he had shattered his last hope of getting reconciled to Gertrude through the good offices of her father.

The next morning the same really gallant officer was out with his usual boatman.

“Can’t you do something,” he said, “to get these poor ladies to some place of refuge? Believe me, it will soon be impossible to afford them protection in Galway. My power to protect the helpless and defenceless is but little, and I fear it may be less. Try to get them out at all hazards.”

There was then, lying in the Roads, a Spanish wine-ship which was to sail as soon as discharged. The boatman was in hope that, with the aid of Conor MacRigh, he could arrange to have the persecuted

nuns put aboard. The difficulty would be to get them brought out of town.

"True," said Charleton. "The Government is willing enough to send your people out of the country; but I doubt very much whether these poor ladies, if recognised, would be permitted to depart without undergoing at the least some indignity."

At dusk the same evening a row-boat was pulled along by two men easily, until they had got to the lee-side of Hare Island, and then with more vigour in the direction of Ardfry, the beautiful and romantically situated abode of Sir Richard Blake, and still in the possession of his descendant, Lord Wallscourt.

The boat pulled up a creek towards a landing stage to the rear of the house and very near to it. They were challenged, but a word from Father Anthony was sufficient. MacRigh remained in charge of the boat while his companion sought an interview with the owner of Ardfry.

The house stands upon a well-wooded peninsula so nearly enclosed by two long slender arms of the Bay as to leave little more than the width of the avenue at the land entrance. Sentinels were on guard, and the house showed no lights save a very dim one from the hall-way. But Father Anthony understood the situation, and after a little delay, gained admittance to Sir Richard.

The host led his visitor by a private path to the gardens, which lay towards the head or western end of the peninsula. At the gate they passed another retainer on guard, who, recognising his master's voice, was about to open the wicket.

"Wait!" said Sir Richard; "perhaps they have retired."

"Not yet, your honour," replied the sentinel; "they are reciting the Rosary."

Within the garden was a range of shedding, originally a viney, but that had been destroyed in one of the raids from the Parliamentary ships during the earlier stages of the Civil War. The old viney had been more recently fitted up as a temporary home for some of the nuns, who had been driven out of the Galway convents by the Cromwellian soldiers. Sir Richard had a town house or "castle" which stood at the south side of Bridge Street, opposite the Shambles Barrack of recent times, and some of the expelled nuns fled to his house. As an influential burgess of Galway, Sir Richard at first thought his property would be protected by the Capitulation Articles of 5th April 1652, and that it would be in his power to give some protection to the homeless and distressed ladies. He was, however, very soon given to understand that, as a leading man in the Confederation of Kilkenny, he could not be permitted to remain in town or to hold any property therein. He removed his effects to Ardfry, and the nuns were, as domestics, removed at the same time.

Father Anthony's mission to Ardfry was to advise about the proposed voyage to Spain, and to concert a plan for getting out all the poor nuns who would consent to emigrate till the storm would blow past.

On their way back to the house Sir Richard said: "I would have spent the last farthing—ay, the last drop of my blood—if I could see my way to keep these

poor creatures from danger. But I know it cannot be done. Ardfry has been roughly handled by the Republicans before they were sure of victory. I can hardly expect that it will fare better now that they have the ball at their own feet. The Blakes have been faithful to their God and their king; they are guilty of a worse crime in holding houses and lands worth confiscating. I need not hope that Ardfry will be more fortunate than Menlough. Think of that weaver fellow Mathews in possession of Menlough, and exercising power in Galway, while the representatives of the men who made Galway great and prosperous are outcasts from the place, or, if they remain within its walls, must hide from the light of day like guilty things! This, sir, is not a revolution. 'Tis a convulsion in Nature!"

Father Anthony agreed with Sir Richard that the rule of the Regicides was too unnatural to last long. But matters might be worse before they began to mend.

CHAPTER IX

EXILES

AFTER sunset on the following evening a boat crept round Renmore Point, keeping as close to the boulder-strewn shore as possible, so as to avoid the notice of the castle on Mutton Island.

Earlier in the day a number of poor women, each carrying on her back a creel or large basket over which was thrown a hooded cloak of dark rug material—to this day the usual outfit of the country-women who bring to town butter, eggs, fowl, vegetables, etc.—passed through the wicket or side passage of the Abbey Gate or North Gate, and then, by a circuitous course they made their way to the coast to a spot a short distance to the east of the hill, on which is the modern military barracks, and there they found shelter until they were taken off by the boat.

"If we can but escape the notice of the castle," said Father Anthony in Irish to his fellow oarsman.

Hardly had he said so when a shot from the Island Fort struck so close to the stern that the

was dashed into the boat, the spray covering the Claddagh cloaks still worn by the female passengers.

“*Jesu! miserere!*” broke involuntarily from each muffled figure.

“Have courage!” said Father Anthony; “that danger is over. They have spied us through their prospect-glasses, and will likely send a boat in pursuit. But with God’s help we can baffle them now.”

Then, after a hurried exchange of views with Conor MacRigh, they turned the boat’s head towards the natural causeway, formed of shingle and gravel heaped up by the action of the tide, between Hare Island and the mainland. When the tide is “out,” especially at the periods of new and full moon, it serves as a roadway for the country people to cart out *wrack*; but when the tide is full it may be ten or twelve feet under water.

“The water is yet light on the bar,” said Father Anthony, “but we can get over—and let them try to follow!”

The oarsmen understood what the state of the tide would enable them to do. The boat just scored the ridge, producing some momentary sensation on board.

“Over!” said the King of Claddagh. “Now let them come!”

And coming they were, as fast as four lusty pair of arms could urge them, confident of very soon overhauling the heavily-weighted fugitive.

MacRigh and his companion made for the Round

Tower of Roscam, so that the pursuer might be induced to attempt the bar instead of rounding the island to the south.

In their eagerness to grab a victim, the castle party went straight for the mark, when suddenly they came to a standstill, having grounded not exactly on the ridge, but on a hummock of granite boulders. The crash was distinctly heard by those in the first boat.

"There they stick!" said the King of Claddagh. "Their boat is broken, but they can wade out if they have wit enough to follow the ridge."

Then altering his course more to the east, the King and his friend got to Ardfry without any further interference.

The Spanish vessel would not be ready to sail for a couple of days, but in the meantime the nuns could remain with those who had already found refuge at Ardfry.

Maeve MacRigh had accompanied the nuns to Ardfry. It was not by any means the first meeting between the old King and his daughter since she had escaped from the prison in which the Roundheads had, as they imagined, secured her. But she had not ventured to return to her own humble home. Her companions in captivity, and who escaped at the same time, had returned to their homes, and no attempt had been made to recapture them. Probably no one could identify them, although Jack Mathews was sure he saw some of them on the grounds of Menlough. But MacRigh's house had been repeatedly searched, and there could be no doubt

that the object of the search was the King's daughter. The old man was therefore well pleased that Maeve was in a position to baffle the search. But the recent raid on Deane's premises convinced him, as it convinced her best friends, that she could not remain in Galway or Claddagh with safety. She had become a great favourite with Gertrude Deane, and it was with regret that Gertrude joined with those who advised the step now taken.

Would Maeve accompany the nuns? Would she not prefer to be away from the dangers that threatened her when near her old homestead? She would like very well to accompany the nuns on their sorrowful exile, but she could not leave her old father so lone and sorrow-stricken. Moreover, other ties bound her for the present at Galway Bay. The "boy" she had consented to marry and her brother Cahal were detained in the fort on Mutton Island, and while they were held there, and while her old father was sorrowing hard by, her duty was to be as near them as she possibly could.

The King of Claddagh and Father Anthony remained at Ardfry for the purpose of seeing the poor nuns put aboard the ship bound for Spain. The task was a perilous one, but it was in good hands, and with the help of Him in whom they all put infinite trust, it was accomplished.

Maeve was not to remain at Ardfry, but at Tyrone, the residence of Gertrude's uncle, Mr Ffrench, and to this place she was conveyed by her father and Father Anthony as soon as the nuns were got aboard. Here there was a likelihood of safety. Mr Ffrench had

been known to Colonel Stubberd since before the capitulation of Galway. Once while riding homeward from visiting a friend in the neighbourhood of Clare-Galway, Mr Ffrench had been the means of rendering some service to an unknown gentleman who had ridden into a dangerous morass. It was Colonel Stubberd who had got separated from his companions while out on a night patrol. In return, Mr Ffrench was assured of the colonel's undying gratitude, and of protection for himself and family. They had met more than once since, and Stubberd showed no disposition to recede from his promise.

To part with his only daughter was but one of the many sorrows that lay upon the old King's heart. For although she was separated from him by not more than ten miles of water, even that was separation enough to make the tears trickle down his aged cheeks. He had, however, enough calmness to ask himself what would be his affliction if the dear child were torn from him by the *Bodagh Sassenach* and transported to the West Indies.

The King of Claddagh and his daughter were still under the impression that "the poor boys" were imprisoned in the fort on Mutton Island. Father Anthony could have told a different story; but it would serve no good purpose then to speak of what he had learned some days before. Cahal MacRigh and Carbra Conneely had, more than a month before the raid on Deane's, been removed to the Aran Islands, or, rather, to a part of the Galway coast opposite Aranmore. The fort of Ardkyn on the great island having been well provided with cannon

by the Earl of Clanrickarde before the siege of Galway began, had not yet surrendered to the Parliament. Several Galway prisoners had been employed constructing huts and other works on the coast for the accommodation of a reserve party in connection with the detachment sent to reduce the islands to submission.

Nor was this all. Father Anthony had learnt from Major Charleton that as soon as the necessary works would be completed the prisoners would be sent to the Indian Bridges, there "to learn a little Christianity," as some of Charleton's colleagues had put it. The bondage of Mutton Island, with that they had now to undergo, would be a suitable preparation for the bondage of the Plantations.

To keep the knowledge of all this from the old King and his daughter was indeed a kindness. The ill news would come soon enough.

It was, indeed, trying enough to witness the grief of poor old MacRigh when he got back to his solitary cabin in the Claddagh. It was there that he could most acutely realise the bereavements that had befallen him.

"Ah! why would the *Sassenach* persecute a poor old man who never did them any harm? Why did they shut up the light of his eye by taking from him the consolation of his hearth, and coming between him and the children who would cheer his old age! I grieved and wept for their poor mother and for the little ones I lost before, but the separation of my latter days tries me most of all. And they would talk of sending my lovely Maeve to be a slave among

the blacks ! It would break the old man's heart to see his lovely Maeve in her winding-sheet, but he would rather the sharks had her than the *Bodagh Sassenach* ! And the darling boys, the staff of my age ! Oh ! when may I see them again ? ”

Thus did he pour out his sorrow to the few old people who were of his council. But he heeded no one until the voice of Father Anthony brought hope to the withered heart.

“ Comfort, my friend ! The hand of the Lord is more powerful than the hand of the *Sassenach*.”

“ God bless you, Father, for the words ! The good God has often saved me from the peril of the waves, and in His mercy He can save my children from the wicked designs of them that abuse His grace and dis-honour His holy name. Come with me, and we will pray together beside the old altar, on *Cnucka-in-Tampeill-Mirea*, where we used to pray for grace and protection.”

They went to the ruined monastery of St Mary's-on-the-Hill, where they recited a Rosary and the prayer of St Bernard, kneeling on the spot where stood the high altar in the days when the Dominicans had nothing to fear from the *Sassenach*.

CHAPTER X

ST AUGUSTINE'S DAY

IT was on the 28th of the following August that a great crowd of men, women, and children assembled at the Holy Well at the foot of the Fort Hill, and near the verge of the deep indentation known as Lough-a-thalia, and little more than a stone's cast from the railway bridge over the entrance to the inlet.

The well is named from the Augustinian Abbey which stood on that portion of the hill immediately to the south of the railway station, the site being still marked by an ancient cemetery. Around the Abbey Church, then standing, Mountjoy caused a fortress to be erected in 1602, and, during the forty years that this stronghold stood, it was a formidable neighbour to the citizens of Galway. It was taken and dismantled by the Confederates in 1643, but the church was preserved and restored to the Order to which it belonged. Immediately before the siege of 1651-2, by arrangement with the Corporation, the Church of St Augustine to the east, and that of St Mary on the west, were pulled down, that they might not be

used by the besieging forces as batteries against the town; but there was an understanding that the buildings would be re-erected at the common expense as soon as the danger would be over. The Cromwellians built a new fort on or near the site of the old one, but it does not appear that it was so large or so well appointed a fortification. It had, however, an evil influence on the conquered and down-trodden *Gallive*.

The governor and his staff were inspecting this fort when the gathering at St Augustine's Well attracted attention.

"What doth it mean?" angrily demanded Stubberd, eyeing the motley crowd from the battlements.

"Some papistical mummary, I trow," replied Jarvis Hind.

"Hah! that must not be allowed. Hath not the Lord-General and the Parliament of England declared there can be no toleration for the idolatry of the Mass? Where art thou, Lynch Fitz-Thomas? Knowest thou what these savages be about here, or what they practise under the shadow of our fort?"

With a cringing, half-abashed air Fitz-Thomas advanced, and rather awkwardly saluted the governor. "They come," said he, "to practise devotion, and to look for cures at St Augustine's Well."

"Such is the insolency of the wicked!" interposed John Camell. "They will carry on their abominations even in the sight of the Lord, and to the disgust and scandal of His faithful servants."

"Saint-worship going on under our very eyes, and within a hundred yards of Cromwell's fort!" thun-

THE KING OF CLADDAGH

and the garrison in a burst of rage. "That shall be remembered. But all the ty carbimiers! Give them such some lesson this and let them see what their savages can do for them."

A volley from the bastion of the fort was answered by groans and screams and as the smoke cleared the poor people were seen to flee in the wildest consternation to the opposite side of the Bohermore; and some dashed into the shallow water of the Lough.

To add to the panic the governor gave orders to pursue and capture as many as possible of the fugitives.

On the ground by several persons more or less severely wounded: others scrambled to their feet, and, unable to run, were picked up while vainly endeavouring to secure themselves among the ruins of the cotties or behind the great boulders which at that time were piling up near the well.

Major Charleton was ordered out to take part in this pursuit one reason being that he had no relish for such occupation, and his colleagues had by this time begun to resent his interference with their godly projects. And lucky it was for the persecuted that Charleton was sent after them. His pursuit was that of the eager but that many could escape, for he was more concerned about the wounded than about those who were able to take care of themselves. But while he was so engrossed a good many prisoners were made, especially while his attention was taken up with a old man who was in danger of being suffocated in the water, or rather in the muddy ooze of the lough.

It was Conor MacRigh, the King of Claddagh, who had, as if by instinct, made towards the water, and crouching among some great stones, he fell exhausted, more, perhaps, from fright than from the loss of blood, for he was bleeding from a wound in the side. The tide was rising, and had not the sufferer been rescued at that moment, the tide of life would have ebbed from him in a very short space of time.

With his own hands Charleton staunched the wound and applied a temporary bandage.

Meantime, the party on the battlements directed the governor's attention to the laxity of the pursuit, and reminded him that Charleton was doing the work of the Lord negligently.

In a fury Stubberd hurried towards the place where Charleton was doing, at all events, the work of the good Samaritan. He stormed, and threatened to lock up the major for neglect of duty. But when Charleton reminded him that if the matter should come before the Lord-Deputy and Council he would explain his action there, Stubberd moved away to look after the prisoners himself.

Charleton's first thought was to take the wounded King round by water to his Claddagh home, and had a boat been within hail he would have done so. Then he thought that the poor old man and the other wounded persons would be best served by having them brought into town, where they could have medical attendance from Dr Athy and one or two others. Even this could not be done without delay, as there were no means at hand of having them borne from the boulder-strewn beach.

While yet devising a kind of ambulance there came an order from the governor to guard the wounded until carts would be procured to remove them to a place of security.

Should Charleton obey the mandate?

Better, perhaps. He was unable to take the wounded to town ; and if they were once borne in, he could find some means of befriending them.

The governor was advised to send the wounded to one of the strong places ; the prisoners caught by the soldiers were shut up in the Lyons Tower, and the citadel near the West Bridge was mentioned as the best place for the wounded.

“The best place !” exclaimed Charleton. “If you design the death of the sufferers, it would be more chivalrous to shoot them or sabre them at once. Sir,” he added, looking resolutely at the governor, “you are a soldier, and have made a character for bravery ; think you that your part in this day’s performance befits your reputation as a soldier? It were more like the wretches who urged you to so unchivalrous a course. Let me ask, moreover, whither there be not among the Council in Dublin men who would repudiate your conduct on this occasion.”

“On the word of a soldier, Charleton, thou touchest roughly enough a very tender spot. I had other thoughts of dealing with thee ; but now when I see the helpless state of some of these poor savages, I do—well, let me see! I give them over to thee to dispose of them as thou wilt ; I mean such among them as are not likely to bear travel at an early date.”

So the King of Claddagh and other sufferers instead of being sent to the care of the soldiers in the West Bridge citadel found a kindlier refuge in the upper portion of the house adjoining Deane's—the house in which Charleton had already earned the grateful remembrance of some persecuted and defenceless woman.

The apartments were cheerless enough, being in a state approaching dilapidation. Yet they were by no means unacceptable to the sufferers, who thought themselves happy, as without doubt they were, in escaping from the care and control they should have experienced in the citadel. The place was not dreary in which they could have such a nurse as Gertrude Deane, such a medical attendant as Dr Athy, and such a visitor as Father Anthony, who frequently called to make enquiries on the part of Major Charleton. Nor did Charleton rest satisfied with sending his boatman, for he came almost as frequently himself, had interviews with the doctor, and with the nurse; he would have been pleased to send little delicacies for the use of the patients, but he found that already such things had been provided by the bounty of the nurse.

The poor old King of Claddagh talked much of Maeve, and would have been delighted to see her and to have her to nurse him although he was well-cared for—too well; but it was too bad to ask the rich lady to nurse a poor old fisherman. Even when he was supposed to be asleep, or when reciting his Rosary, the name of Maeve would frequently escape from his lips.

Often would Gertrude, in pity, incline to send to Tyrone House for Maeve to come to the sorrow-stricken father. But her friends were firm in opposition ; it would be most unwise to bring the girl into town at that time, and the old man was progressing so well that it was to be hoped he would be well again in a few weeks' time.

But there was another reason why the afflicted old man should be kept from seeing his daughter for some time longer. A ship had just left the harbour of Galway, bound for the Barbadoes, having on board most of the prisoners caught on St Augustine's Day, with others picked up in a nocturnal raid in the country conducted by the governor in person ; and, it was understood, that others were to be put on board in the North Sound, between Aranmore and the mainland or "Continent." The last-named batch would, for a certainty, contain Cahal MacRigh and Carbra Conneely. To keep the sorrowful news from the old King was of vital importance at that stage. Maeve would in all likelihood hear of the sad fate of her brother and her betrothed, but cruel as the blow would be to her, it was better to keep such intelligence from her father, and this could hardly be done if father and daughter were to meet.

Gertrude Deane grieved for the poor girl as if the bereavement had been her own.

"How can any one in the shape of a human being do such frightfully cruel things as Colonel Stubberd appears to delight in doing ?" said the nurse to Major Charleton.

"I can say but little in praise of the governor,"

said Charleton. "He is not, however, solely responsible for these things which, naturally enough, so shock you—and more than yourself, Miss Deane. The worst of his conduct is, I should say, that he allows himself to be influenced, almost led by Mathews, Camell, Peters, and other fanatical wretches, some of whom really believe, others pretend to believe, that the Lord has not only permitted but commanded them to root out what they call the idolatrous nation. They are constantly dunning him to show more zeal in pushing forward the work of the Lord, suggesting to him what Sir Charles Coote, would do were *he* Governor of Galway and had behind him such a Lord President of Connacht. For," added Charleton, "the curse of Cromwell is benediction itself compared with the curse of Coote, at any rate, so far as the country west of the Shannon is concerned; Coote's one object in life is the extermination of the Irish race. But the subject is too harrowing."

"And these are the people with whom Major Charleton consorts!"

"True. I can assure you, Miss Deane, that many a man who honestly opposed the unconstitutional rule of Charles Stuart now finds himself in very strange company, and who would only be delighted to part with the company if he could but see his way to do so with honour—and with safety, I may add."

"And with profit?"

She said this in the softest of tones, but with something in her manner so stately that the Republican soldier inwardly confessed himself rebuked and awed.

"I submit, Miss Deane," he said, turning a little from the window at which they were standing, "that I have been thinking of retiring to the portion allotted to me on the borders of Tipperary and Cork."

"Where you should be, or ought to be, haunted by the spirits of the poor people robbed and, perhaps, murdered to make room for you. The soldier who would enter upon such an ill-gotten property I should esteem a sordid sort of hero—a mercenary of the lowest order!" And having said this she swept gracefully from the apartment.

Charleton remained frozen to the spot till moved from his reverie by the voice of Dr Athy.

"Have you and Cousin Gertrude been quarrelling?" said the doctor, seeing how self-involved the major was.

"Oh no," replied Charleton, "we were discussing contemporary events."

"I understand! You need hardly tell me what my cousin's views are on that subject; and I undertake to say that her words truly represented her views. Does it seem to you that she is too severe on the new order of things in Galway?"

"By no means, Athy. It is perhaps not unknown to you that I have made myself rather disagreeable to some of our people by my dissent from the majority, and, near as I am to the governor, I am not always consulted. The governor acts on the advice of those who, indeed, are more in harmony with the Parliament of England."

"Rather say, major, the Parliament of Oliver; you cannot imagine that it represents the people of

England. That assembly was indeed fanatical enough for all purposes of blood and rapine, but, as it now appears, was not quite the thing for Oliver's purpose, so he turns out (April, 1653) the members, and admits about a hundred and forty of his own creatures, Independents and Fifth Monarchy men. And it is to these that the settlement of Ireland is entrusted!"

"Ah, true indeed! One of the first things to be submitted to this mockery of a Parliament is a bill to legalise the order already passed in Council for the transplantation of the people of the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Leinster, to the west of the Shannon—all except those who can show a constant good affection to the Parliament during at least the last ten years."

"Driven into Connacht! And when that is accomplished it will be easy enough to drive them to—into the Atlantic."

"In sooth, Athy, I more than fear thou hast grasped the central idea of the Settlement of Ireland. Coote has the chief management of the scheme, and if he can realise the wishes of Government, and his own conception of restoring order to Ireland, the older inhabitants, whether of English or Irish descent, will be cleared out in whatever way it may be done."

"It can never be done!" said Athy with energy.

"I hope so; but enough can be done to bring ruin on thousands who may have been guilty of no crime except their fidelity to their religion and their king, unworthy as he was of so faithful a people."

"And the further fault," added Athy, "of being in possession of lands and tenements worth coveting."

"True, true! Writing his account of the 'marvellous great mercy' of Tredah, Oliver assured the Parliament that *the war would pay itself*. And as you are perhaps aware, the garrison towns, Galway and Sligo included, are forfeit already."

"And we are all to be cast out as soon as the new occupiers shall have drained us of all our present means?"

"That is intended. Pray, let us drop the subject, it is no more agreeable to me than to yourself, Athy, and your friends; and it is not altogether in accord with duty to give so free expression to opinion."

Charleton made kind enquiries about all the patients, or so many of them as remained under treatment. There had been two deaths, and some had been permitted to leave. The old King of Claddagh was so far recovered that he might be let out. He was anxious to be among his own people again. But it was not considered prudent to let him leave for some time longer. The man who passed as the major's boatman was a trusty intermediary between the King and his loving subjects.

It was hard upon the poor old King to spend so many weeks within doors, and hard enough it was, at times, to keep him from resuming the life which had become almost as natural to him as to the water-fowl of the Bay. He often asked why Maeve did not come to see him, and often as the question had been answered, apparently to his satisfaction, he would ask it again and again. And what about the boys, Cahal

and Carbra, would they not come to see him? The long confinement had, in a manner, dazed him; he was at times in a dreamy, forgetful sort of way. The quick intelligence for which he had always been remarkable—the intelligence which never failed to inspire confidence among his followers, most of them intelligent enough within their own lines—was losing vigour in captivity, much as had been done by kind and skilful friends to cheer his solitary lot.

Thus it was that in forgetfulness of the enforced absence of "the darling boys" he would now and then ask why they did not come to see the lone old man. The good people answered him as best they could. But one day as he put the question to Father Anthony, Gertrude, who was within hearing, sighed.

"You know," said Father Anthony, "it is not their fault that they do not come. Pray for them as often as you think of them."

The word had come a day or two before that the ship had gone down with all hands—a merciful fate to many who were destined to be sold as slaves to the planters.

And before he rejoined his companions in the Claddagh it had been settled that no one should speak of the loss of the ship, above all, that the "darling boys" were among the passengers.

The old King had suffered much, but in the order of Providence it was allotted that he had yet much more to suffer in consequence of that savage affray on St Augustine's Day.

CHAPTER XI

“MARVELLOUS GREAT MERCIES”

AS time wore on, Lynch Fitz-Thomas busied himself more and more in the service of his new friends or masters, the Roundheads. He was able to identify among the captives brought in from the country in the raids by the garrison some secular priests and also some Galway friars who had been living disguised among the country people. The Government was urged by Mathews, Camell, Hind, Brock, and Peters to hang the contumacious priests, but there was a majority in favour of what they called mercy, and who succeeded in reserving the prisoners for transportation to the Plantations. The Aran Island and the island of Bophin had come into the hands of the Parliament after holding out for nearly a year after the surrender of Galway. For some reason, not very clear at the present time, the Cromwellian Government of Ireland sent to these islands over a hundred priests seized in various parts of the country as places of temporary detention until it would be found convenient to send the malignants to Barbadoes, or Jamaica. Huts were built for their temporary accom-

modation, and sixpence a day was allowed by the Council of State for the support of each ; but, according to Hardiman, the historian of Galway, the amount which actually went to the support of each captive did not exceed twopence a day !

Possibly there was difficulty in finding the means of transport, particularly after the Government became engrossed in the Transplantation scheme at home and in the wars with Holland and Spain abroad. Something must be attributed to an abatement of the fiercely fanatical element, at all events, among the officers who wished to make a home in Ireland ; it was from this very quarter, strange as it may seem, that the Council of State experienced most embarrassment in working out the Transplantation problem to the extent intended by its authors. It is matter of history how rapidly the "religious spirit" of that day was lost by many. It was the fashion, and as a fashion it changed.

Lynch Fitz-Thomas was not allowed to go unrewarded. For two years after the surrender of Galway the remnants of the Fourteen Families—the "tribes" they were first called in derision by the Cromwellians—were permitted to play at a share in local government by appointing a mayor, two sheriffs, a recorder, and other corporate officers. It was, however, but the semblance of power, for in the face of the military despotism established and maintained in the town, the mayor and his colleagues were absolutely powerless, and were repeatedly cast into prison for attempting to exercise civic functions. However, even the shadow of authority was too much

to leave in the hands of "a people whom the Lord had given over to destruction."

Accordingly, on the petition from the English Protestant inhabitants of the town of Galway, an order was made by the Council of State (25th October 1654) that the mayor and other chief magistrates should be English and Protestant; and in case that the mayor or other chief officers were Irish or Papists they should be removed.

This order was immediately carried into execution. Thomas Lynch Fitz-Ambrose the mayor, John Blake the recorder, Richard Lynch and Anthony Ffrench Fitz-Peter, sheriffs, were deposed; and in their places Colonel Peter Stubberd (or Stubbers), the military governor, was appointed mayor, Robert Clarke, recorder, while Paul Dod and Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas were the new sheriffs.

If at this period the recreant burgess could have persuaded Gertrude to become his wife, he would have tried to brave the obloquy into which he had fallen. But, while in his official capacity he had a better opportunity of laying hold on persecuted priests and friars, he had lost every shred of friendship that may till then have been felt towards him by Deane. It had become a tacit understanding that no individual of the *Gallive* should acknowledge Lynch Fitz-Thomas in any form; that he should be treated as the enemy and betrayer of his townsmen, their religion, and all their best interests. And keenly did the wretch feel the position. He was sensible, to his pain and humiliation, that he could never be among the Roundheads what he might have been

among his own people had he been a man of principle, and that the temporary office, instead of being an honour, was to him a brand of disgrace. Nor could he conceal from himself that the most oppressed of his townsmen had still consolations which their betrayer vainly sought in the reward of his perfidy. Happy would he have been if even then he could take his place among the persecuted—if by doing so he could regain the friendship and confidence of his kindred, for it was only when lost to him for ever that he began to think of how much he had lost and how little he had got in return. He never could feel at ease among those canting Roundheads, and do what he would for them, there was suspicion looming through their smiles. Their most honeyed expressions of endearment were not without a trace of bitterness. He knew that when they lauded his apostacy they wished him to remember that he was not as one of themselves, and that he was expected to show himself a willing tool for the ruin of those who were of his blood but not of his spirit.

There was one member of the Republican corps, and only one, in whose words the recreant found no deception. Charleton detested him from the first, detested him still more on further acquaintance, and made no secret of what he felt towards the renegade.

It was towards the termination of the sheriff's year in office that the governor one day said casually to Charleton :

"Did you signify to the Loughrea commissioners that you were not going to retain your allotment on the lands of the malignant Lord Roche ?"

"No, sir. Pray, why do you ask?"

Now Charleton had really almost made up his mind to forego his "right" to the portion of the said lands allotted to him; and he would gladly have made the surrender, if by doing so he could have secured the lands to the unfortunate nobleman who had been driven out of them. He had more than once discussed the matter with a friend in whose judgment and sense of right and wrong he had learnt to place implicit confidence. Was he bound, in conscience and honour, to surrender his claim merely to have it handed over to a claimant who would be certain to appropriate it without a thought about the rightful owner?

In reply to Charleton's query, the governor stated that he had just received from Sir Charles Coote a letter of enquiry on the subject. It was also intimated that Lynch Fitz-Thomas had been making private appeals to the commissioners, and that his suit had been secretly supported by Coote's favourites in Galway.

"What can the fellow mean?" the major demanded with some energy.

"He appears to have got it into his head that you have abandoned your claim. At any rate he thinks that he has now a claim of his own upon Government."

"And doth the son of Judas think that by the facile process of turning his coat he is to be put on a level with those who have borne the toil and heat of the day?"

"In sooth, Charleton, thou wert not wont to show

so much heat thyself. But if thou art not disposed to give up——”

“Give up my claim to hand it over to Lynch Fitz-Thomas! Not likely!”

“Very good. But Coote must not be left in doubt on the matter. I do believe that Lynch Fitz-Thomas feels in no way comfortable in this town, and that he would be glad of a place whereon to rest the sole of his foot—if a thousand miles away from Galway, so much the better. And, peradventure, the very men who have backed his appeal could bear his absence for life.”

Charleton in this way learnt that there was a conspiracy afoot to get Fitz-Thomas out of town, and provided for at the expense of one who was by no means in favour with the new Corporation. One portion, at all events, of the project should fall through. Charleton, whatever he might have done under other circumstances, was determined to put himself between the traitor and the coveted reward. He would not surrender while there was even a remote danger of the prize falling into the hands of Lynch Fitz-Thomas or any other grabber.

Although his treason was not to bring much gain to himself it was yet to bring much calamity on the town of which his ancestors had been influential and honoured citizens. It may be said that the calamities would have come in any case. They were intended, no doubt, but it was much in favour of the authors to be provided with such a ready, serviceable tool as this recreant burgess.

As is recorded in the Corporation Book: “Crom-

well's followers, who were all cobblers, butchers, bakers, soldiers, and mechanics, were made free of the Corporation, while the former respectable natives were turned out of the town."

If there was at any time a doubt as to the final issue, there could be none from the time the native Corporation was overturned. The clearing out of the old inhabitants was looked upon as a certain result by themselves and as a necessary one by the new masters. The matter was discussed by Charleton and his boatman.

Would the new order of things continue? It would, and it would not. So Charleton said. In one way the present order could not survive the Lord Protector, should it live so long. Oliver had risen to power by resisting despotism, and had turned despot himself. But the despotism of Charles Stuart was purer and nobler than the despotism of the plebeian autocrat. Much had been made of the attempt to seize the five members in the House. It was an indefensible, and, for Charles, a most unfortunate proceeding. But it was a trifle compared with the outrages which Cromwell had already perpetrated against the dignity and the liberty of Parliament. Charles was only acting up to his own principles. Oliver had trampled under foot the principles he professed when fighting against the king. Charles never preached liberty, or outraged it as Oliver had done. Oh no! Oliver's rule will satisfy only those who have profited by it, and these only so long as they consider it necessary to secure to them their doubtful acquisitions.

"The king will come by his own again," said the boatman.

"The monarchy will be restored, and you will, likely enough, have a further experience of the Stuarts. Pray that you may find reason to rejoice. I am aware of the Jersey letter from Charles Stuart the younger. I have read it on the Corporation Book. I should not recommend you to build much on his promises. This pleasure-seeking scion of fallen royalty hath, I suspect, a facility for forgetting promises. And, were it otherwise, I don't think he could, under any circumstances, make good their losses to those who suffered in the royal cause. Do you suppose the Royalists in England care a straw about what the foolishly-devoted Irish have suffered? You think they are wroth with the Cromwellians for doing boldly and on a handsome scale what the English, in a jerky sort of way, have been doing in Ireland these five hundred years! I can tell you there are friends around the royal exile who positively rejoice that Cromwell has effected in so short a time, and in so thorough a fashion, what they would have to attempt themselves with less chance of success. There are about the young Charles men who would rather see the Irish estates in the hands of those who cut off the king's head than in the hands of the Irish Papists who bled for him. Ah yes, there will be, and must be, changes in the Government of England—some real changes; and in the Government of Ireland I dare say there will be nominal changes—changes of men rather than of principles: the men will go but the spirit remains. Cromwell must go, but

wonder not if you find that his cruel treatment of the Irish people will gain him credit with Royalists ; they will laud him by feebly censuring these atrocities. Should Charles the Exile become Charles II., will he not say : ' You Irish Royalists tried to do your duty to your rightful king ; *let that be your reward.*' Believe me, the Stuarts hold that the duty of sustaining the king's authority ought to be esteemed a privilege and not a burden. They piously hold that it is for God to reward good subjects—those, at any rate, who have no influence at Court. I shall not wonder in the least to see many men who helped to bring Charles I. to the block more richly endowed under his successor than many whose fathers shed their blood and lost their goods on the Royalist side. Only the other day a fellow in the north of Ireland provided our troops with 2000 pairs of brogues, and in return he has received 3000 acres of the best land in the County Down. Let no one be surprised if ' when the king comes by his own ' this adventurer will remain in a position to say, ' There's nothing like leather,' while the unfortunate Royalists whose land he holds may go a-begging or take to the hills. I repeat it. Your Irish have quite a weakness for fighting for kings—an incurable weakness it must be, or you would long since have seen and abandoned the folly of it. It appears you have still something to learn of the Stuart kings."

Father Anthony humorously remarked that the Stuart sovereigns had a dash of Irish blood in them.

" I should rather disown the circumstance, if I were you," said Charleton. " It leaves an opening to

hostile or mocking critics to attribute the fatuity and wrong-headedness of the dynasty to what I should think cannot be the real cause."

This conference took place while Charleton and his boatman were reclining on the rich grass near the western edge of Hare Island. In the bright morning sun they had a clear view of the old town, of the fortress on Mutton Island, and of the heights of Iar-Connacht beyond. To the south the bare terraced heights of Burren stood out frowning over the Bay; while to the east the wooded peninsula of Ardfry made a cheerful variety in that rather flat and retreating shore.

"And it is to that part," said Charleton, pointing to the bare limestone mountains to the south, "the Barony of Burren, that the first batch of the transplanted will be sent to live; or—to die, as would appear more probable?"

"The Barony of Burren!" exclaimed Father Anthony. "A place which, they say, has not wood enough to hang a man, water enough to drown him, or earth enough to bury him!"

"The very place to transplant a people whom it is desirable to be rid of."

"I see," sighed Father Anthony. "God help the transplanted! But there are stretches of rich land in Connacht."

"Yes, but the Lord Henry Cromwell, Sir Charles Coote, and a good many others of the Chosen People are to have the pickings even in Connacht!"

"That's what is meant by reserving lands 'for the State!'"

“ Precisely ! ”

“ ‘Tis too shocking to think of ! ”

Just then a boat under a white sail shot past the island coming from some point on the east of the Bay.

“ MacRigh’s boat ! ” said Father Anthony. “ He is coming from Tyrone ; he goes two or three times a week to see his daughter. It is so hard ; but——”

“ The girl would be in danger if she were here. Besides the Claddagh will be cleared out, and I need not suggest to you how it might effect her. Does the old King yet know anything about the sons ? ”

“ He believes they are in prison on Aran. He does not often mention them, but those who are with him in the boat say he is always praying for their safe return. He has improved somewhat in mind since he resumed his occupation ; but, as he says himself, he will never be the same man again. If, by any accident, he comes to learn the fate of ‘ the darling boys,’ it will be a death-blow to him. There is little danger, I think, of his hearing the worst from his own people, and he has little or no communication with others.”

“ And the daughter ? ”

“ Is aware that they were sent to work at Aran, and thinks they are detained on Bophin. She bears up in the full hope that good news will yet come.”

CHAPTER XII

ROOT THEM OUT!

“**N**OW I could dance with joy and thanksgiving even as King David did dance before the Lord,” said Sheriff Mathews, “‘for great is the salvation of the Lord and His mercy endureth for ever.’”

The occasion of this burst of pious jubilation was this: On the 30th October 1655, the Lord - Deputy and Council made an order to clear out all the old inhabitants of Galway, and to supply their place by an English colony; and the order was to be carried out by Sir Charles Coote, the Lord President of Connacht. He was the man to do the work of Attila, and he would find willing hands in the sheriffs appointed for year commencing 29th September 1655, to wit John Mathews and John Camell.

When the first intimation reached the governor he sent for Deane, and they were closeted for several hours. There was plenty of good wine; the governor drank freely, Deane sparingly.

What was Deane to do? That was the question of the hour. The governor thought he could save Deane under cover of an assignment to himself of

Deane's premises and stock. But what about Deane's daughter? There was a special difficulty in her case, owing to the complaint lodged by Lynch Fitz-Thomas that Charleton and Miss Deane were engaged to be married. Deane denied this; he had no knowledge of the matter—or, rather, his knowledge was that it was impossible; he would oppose such an alliance, even if it were in contemplation, as a thing foreign to the traditions and principles of the family. The governor intimated that he expected a private visit from Coote on the following day, and it was most likely that the alleged violation of Ireton's Ordinance would come before him.

But Stubberd soon grew weary of the subject. His mind was occupied by the project of the new settlement of Galway, and he was unusually hilarious. He talked with an amount of freedom that surprised his visitor, much as they had been together. Yes, Coote was coming. But if Coote was President of Connacht, Stubberd was Governor of Galway, and had only just given up the mayoralty to his friend Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrey Hurd. But Stubberd could do something in spite of them all. Coote was a great fellow. But Peter Stubberd knew a thing more than Coote; and, if it went to a trial of strength, could prevail more with his Highness, the Lord Protector, than any one of them. "In short, Stephen Oliver must stand to Peter Stubberd," he added. "The hand that did what this hand has done can do something still. I tell thee, Stephen, *this hand knows the strength of Charles Stuart's neck!*"

He suddenly left his seat, and went to the door to

make sure that no one was there. But he heard not the light footsteps that hurried away, and he saw no one, of course.

"Thou and I, Stephen," he said, on resuming his seat, "have been good friends ; let us continue to be so. What think'st thou ? I am blamed for consorting with sinners because I am in friendship with thee ! But I can leave cant to crawling things like Camell and Mathews. When I was governor of Kinsale some pious busy-body whispered to Cromwell that I was not over-strict in my religious duties. 'Maybe not,' said Oliver, 'but as he is a soldier, he has honour, and therefore we will let his religion alone this time ?' Oliver knows how to turn religion to account, and how to overlook it when it suits his purpose to do so. Think of Ruby-nose Noll sitting at one side of a chess-board and a Jesuit at the other ! It is a fact that while in Dublin, Cromwell did, more than once, dine and play chess with one whom he knew to be a Jesuit without any disguise. And Coote, who is now all fury against malignants and Popish recusants, was at one time glad enough to negotiate with those parties ; 'For,' said he, 'it is no new thing with the most wise God to make use of wicked instruments to bring about a good design for the advancement of His glory.' Of course he made atonement afterwards by hanging Bishop Heber M'Mahon, although, less than a year before, M'Mahon had been the means of inducing Owen Roe O'Neill to relieve Coote, then cooped up in Derry. And in sooth O'Neill did not long survive the banquet at which Coote entertained him on the occasion. Faith ! Coote

hath done good service to the Parliament, but he is no more a Republican than Mr John Milton is a Prelatist. Put thy trust in me, Stephen, and I will stand between thee and Coote."

The governor's friendship towards Deane, like his cruelty towards others, grew mainly out of his avarice. He could, without a feeling of remorse, have imprisoned Deane, banished him, put him to death by torture ; but he had enough sense to refrain from killing the goose that laid the golden egg. He could have confiscated Deane's property without the least concern for his friend's feelings, but it was more profitable to have Deane for manager.

Coote had more force of character, and his ferocity against the old inhabitants was limited only by his means of gratifying it. His grand ideal was the extermination of the Irish race ; till that were done nothing was done, for there was no security that the work would not be undone.

"We hear a good deal about doing the work of the Lord," he said, in the same apartment, on the following night. "What we have got to do is to take due precautions that we lose not whatever we may have gained by so much blood and sacrifice ; and we have no security while the old occupiers, or any of them, are permitted to harbour in the land. For the present we must let them settle on this side of the Shannon ; but for that very reason we must make the towns—Galway and Sligo, in particular—strong garrisons of good and well-disposed persons to keep those of evil affections in submission. No, no, we may not look upon the work as perfect while any of the old stock

remain. We have but scotched the snake, not killed it."

"And yet," said Stubberd, "you are sending more of them to Connacht and Clare!"

"Yes—for the time; it is unavoidable. We are bound to clear them out of three provinces. We cannot at present ship them all. And as we cannot forfeit our reputation abroad, it is not expedient to shoot or hang so many. Better send them in the first instance into the more desolate portions of Clare and Connacht to contend with rugged Nature and with one another; and in a short time it will be easier to carry them to the Plantations, where my old friend Venables has opened up a new field by the conquest of Jamaica. Seest thou the design, Stubberd?"

"Admirable! 'Tis the Lord Protector all over!"

"The Lord Protector!" exclaimed Coote, "why *he* is one, and not the least of the ten thousand difficulties that lie in our way! Wouldst thou believe that this man of iron hath any milk in his constitution? Verily, he hath. He reads petitions from persons liable to transplantation, and in some cases has sent over to us recommendations in favour of the insolent applicants. The Lord Ikerrin, a Popish recusant, hath had the audacity to carry his suit in person to Whitehall, and the Lord Protector writeth to us, recommending some provision for Ikerrin; 'for,' addeth his Highness, 'he is a pitiable object!' This from Oliver! and in favour of a Papist rebel!"

"I have known Oliver," said Stubberd, "to shed tears in devotion."

"Oh yes! The grandson of Edmond Spenser, the

poet, as an Irish Papist, is transplantable. He appeals to his Highness, and we are requested, out of regard of the poet, to dispense this Willian Spenser from transplantation. But we have made up our minds to listen to no such prayers—not even from Oliver. We will not follow his recommendation as against the Act of Parliament. And wouldest thou believe it? our own officers are, in many cases, taking sides with the rebels against the commissioners for the affairs of Ireland, and connive at machinations to defraud the men who put down their money in furtherance of the cause of Liberty! We have hanged some malignants who, in defiance of Parliament and Council, have refused to give up and transplant; and still they refuse to go. We have filled the jails; and they hold on. We have shipped to the Barbadoes all that we could; and many still refuse to go. The insolency of these Papist rebels exceeds all manner of belief."

Stubberd mentioned the matter reported to him by Fitz-Thomas and Mathews.

"There we have a new crop of troubles," said Coote. "Ireton's Ordinance is a dead letter already. Our fellows cannot hold out against the enticements of the women of Canaan, as our friend Mathews would say. But, riddle me! if I would trust that same God-fearing Jack very far. Who knows what a scrutiny of Menlough Castle would bring to light? Jack talks much about the Bible. I wonder does he ever read about the Pharisees. But even Jack has his use. Is there anything in this allegation?"

"I have put Charleton and the girl's father to the

question. They both deny that there is any prospect of a marriage. I fancy the principal ground for the allegation is that Lynch Fitz-Thomas himself has been an unsuccessful suitor, and fancies that Charleton is answerable for the repulse."

"I see! Let the matter drop. We have on hand something more urgent than holding enquiry into visionary love-matches."

The enquiry would in any case have been baffled.

Very early in the morning of the same day, under cover of a drizzling fog, Gertrude had been rowed across to her uncle's place at Tyrone. The boat was in charge of two oarsmen who could be depended on. She had had timely intimation through a trusty friend that an attempt would be made—if Lynch Fitz-Thomas and Mathews could carry their point—to drag her before a court of military Saints to testify as to the state of her soul; and there was danger that Mathews, owing to his official position, might prevail upon the Lord President to overrule the governor. Happily, all this was, for the time, set aside in a very summary fashion by Coote. In any case it was best that Gertrude should be out of town before the dread visitation which would begin as soon as the Lord President should receive the formal instrument of doom.

At Tyrone, the King's daughter still remained, and was a great favourite in the nursery. The old King of Claddagh did not, on this occasion, insist on Maeve's returning home; he was pleased that she was so far out of the reach of the *Bodagh Sassenach*,

who would send her to prison as they had long ago sent "the darling boys."

Gertrude was rather pleased to have an opportunity of cultivating closer relations with her Uncle Ffrench. There had been at least a partial estrangement from the time of Deane's second marriage, and though the death of the second Mrs Deane had prepared the way for a return to the *status ante*, Mr Ffrench, in common with many others, disliked the intimacy between Deane and the Roundhead governor. Mr Ffrench, as already noted, was favourably known to Stubberd, and the circumstance was rather fortunate now. Yet he could not help regarding the governor as a ruffian who could smile when it suited his purpose, and could with equal facility descend to the most shocking atrocities. He had no wish to acquire any further experience of either the governor's friendship or his enmity.

The order of the 30th October 1655 was carried out by Coote with unrelenting severity. "The wretched inhabitants, without distinction of rank or sex, except a few incapacitated by sickness and age, were driven out of the town in the midst of winter (which was at the time peculiarly severe), and were forced to take shelter by the ditches and in poor cabins in the country without fire or sufficient clothing, in consequence of which many fell victims to the uncommon inclemency of the season."

Coote received the thanks of the Lord-Deputy and Council, but was cautioned to take good care that the few persons dispensed with at the time of the general

expulsion should be removed as soon as the season would permit.

The attempt to establish a wholly new colony in Galway was a failure. The negotiations opened with the city of Gloucester came to nothing, although it was held out as an inducement to come to Galway, that "noe Irishe are permitted to inhabit in the cittie, or within three miles thereof."

We need hardly pause to consider how the very severity of the treatment defeated the object. It was a grand conception of the "godly" to have none of the "unclean nation" among them. But "the people who had come to the inheritance provided for them by the Lord" soon began to experience much inconvenience when left wholly to themselves. Who among them would discharge menial or other like duties when every one thought himself entitled to better things? The fact would soon force itself on their attention that the subject race could be turned to better account than by driving them out, one and all; and in spite of the protestations of the more fanatical, those able and willing to work would gradually find a way into the town again. The three-mile limit, within which "noe Irishe were permitted to inhabit," would contract as soon as it became plain that there was nothing gained, but a great deal lost, by having so much territory deserted and unproductive. It would be much better to have the country folk bringing in their supplies of butter, eggs, fowl, vegetables, etc., than to have the folk living within the walls dependent on the uncertain results of forays made into a depopulated and desolated

district. A short time would suffice to point out where the real advantage lay, and the knowledge so gained would beat down even fanaticism.

Who would gain anything by dispersing the poor fishermen of the Claddagh? Their cabins would not suit any of the new settlers, and the want of the usual supply of fresh fish would serve to remind the exterminators that they were themselves losers as well as the "savages" whom they had driven out.

It is clear, then, that the statement laid before the city of Gloucester would apply only for a very short time. But in that brief period much misery and much irreparable wrong had been inflicted. The people who lost least would more easily find a way back. Not so those who had been deprived of valuable properties.

CHAPTER XIII

ESKER-IN-THE-BOG

GERTRUDE was beginning to feel quite at home in her place of refuge when events occurred to render a change of abode advisable, if not unavoidable.

Some refugees from the town had found a kind of shelter in her neighbourhood, and it afforded her a sort of melancholy satisfaction to make her daily round of visits, doing what she could to console and help the suffering victims of frenzied tyranny.

In these charitable excursions she was usually accompanied by Maeve MacRigh; but Maeve was very soon called away to nurse, at all hazards, her aged father, who, for the first time in his life, had been prostrated by serious illness.

Within a few days of Maeve's departure from Tyrone, horsemen were seen passing and again repassing. They did not appear to interfere with any one, but the circumstance caused some apprehension to Gertrude and her friends. Fearing that her whereabouts might be surmised by Lynch Fitz-Thomas, who would not scruple to carry her off by

which the humble oratory had been erected. A few old women, wearing their rug cloaks over their heads, knelt in reverent devotion, taking no notice of the strangers.

Mass over, Father Anthony led his friends to the refectory, the largest apartment in any of the buildings, yet hardly large enough for the accommodation of the ten or twelve persons who sat on forms on each side of the strong but unpolished table, the aged prior taking his place at the end.

The friars wore heavy cloaks over the habit of their Order, and all appeared in a high degree cheerful except the prior, who was subject to rheumatism and suffered much from it, owing to the damp and discomfort of his present quarters. To judge from appearances, one would suppose that he was the only inmate who regretted the change from their late grand Abbey.

Gertrude felt a shudder involuntarily steal over her as she quietly took note of the bleakness and coldness of the surroundings. The thought of the infirm old prior forced from his home, as he called the Abbey, and driven into such an inhospitable situation, brought tears to her eyes, and she felt unable to partake of the homely fare. Although his companions sought to cheer him, the old man could not help giving vent to the bitterness of his soul when he made mention of the desecration wrought on the houses of his Order.

“Ah!” said he, “young people who feel neither pain nor ache may put up with fallen fortunes, but to one disabled by years and infirmities it is an affliction

almost insupportable to be hunted into the bog like a wild animal. *Parce nobis, Domine.*"

Mr Ffrench had a ready, winning manner, and while expressing sympathy with poor, old Father Dominic, sought to cheer him with hopes of better days.

"Why, Father, you will have another Ely here in the course of time. Weren't most great monasteries established in the midst of bog or swamp, just as in your case, the morass proving an effective as it was a necessary defence? And eventually the swamp became a garden, and the monastery a thing of wonder to after ages. Who knows—or, rather, who does not know—that one day, and perhaps before long, this Esker-in-the-Bog will become a thing of glory to the Dominican Order?"

The morning being fine and clear, Father Anthony took his friends to walk on the top of the great ridge, and then they discovered a second great ridge nearly parallel and to the south of the one they had just mounted. Labourers were at work planting and levelling the slopes and crest with the object of forming ornamental grounds in connection with the new settlement.

"Well, Bodkin!" said Father Anthony to one of the labourers, a man of small stature, elderly, and slightly lame, "won't it be a great pity after all this if the Roundheads come and drive us out again?"

"They'll not find it so easy," said the little man, resting for a moment on his spade. "It was never easy to turn out a Bodkin, I can tell your reverence. '*Bodkin is dangerous*,' they used to say in Galway;

and *Crom a boo!* say I, although fortune hath made me poor."

All laughed at the unexpected opposition with which the Cromwellians would have to contend if they came old Bodkin's way.

"You see," said Mr Ffrench to his niece, "there is matter for merriment even in Esker Bog."

"Now," said Father Anthony, when they had proceeded some way along the crest of the ridge, "you have a better view of our neighbourhood."

Gertrude was surprised at the wide range of view, and could find more objects of interest than she had expected while driving along the *tochar*. On that clear, cold morning in March the view was indeed a remarkable one, and by no means wanting in variety. There was, indeed, much waste, and to the thoughtless there might seem to be little else.

"It looks," said Gertrude, "as if we were aboard a great ship becalmed. But then there are so many other great ships rising upon our horizon; or, shall we call them lofty islets springing from an ocean of great bog or sedgy morass, or dark-tinted water."

The "eskers" or "ridges" took her attention in particular, and she would fain have asked how they came to be formed. Father Anthony could only give his assent to Mr Ffrench's remark, namely, that the true explanation would probably not be forthcoming for a long time yet. He had little doubt that they were in some way due to the action of water—no one could doubt that who had scanned their structure as exposed in the recent cutting—but as to the exact mode of operation he admitted his ignorance.

As they moved along multitudes of rabbits scurried over the crest or down the sides, and sought their burrows in the deep layer of light, sandy soil which overlay the hard, gravelly mass, especially towards the base.

"And what a lot of old castles!" exclaimed Gertrude, pointing out some five or six to the south, along the course of the Kiltulla river, while others loomed in other directions, but at greater distances.

"Yes," said Father Anthony, "these and many others in various parts of the County Galway bear witness to the power and influence of the De Burgos, and to the long and sanguinary conflict between the invaders and the older proprietors." He directed attention to the great, lofty building towering to the north-west, some three miles off. "That," said he, "is Bermingham Castle, named from, if not founded by, the conqueror of the O'Connors, as he was a little later of their ally, the Scotch adventurer, Edward Bruce. Immediately to the left of the castle you may discern our old Abbey of St Dominic. Our Galway or Claddagh house, St Mary's-on-the-Hill, founded in 1488, was a branch of the Athenry Abbey. In spite of his pains, poor old Father Dominic has to be helped up here, as often as he can venture out, to get a view of the house from which he was ejected — the old house in which he had spent nearly half a century; and when he hears the beat of the soldiers' drums or the call of their trumpets, the tears come trickling down his furrowed cheeks. Much as it pains him to have the desecration of our

force. Father Anthony made a proposal which met with approval and acceptance.

At an early hour the following morning, while the first smoke was beginning to curl from the bogside cabins, a heavy lumbering carriage drove along a zigzag causeway or *tochar* which appeared to lead into or across a wilderness of lake and swamp, broken by curious hillocks and ridges clothed with furze or hazel, and patches of short close grass between. From these peculiar ridges (*eiscirs*) of limestone gravel the locality takes its name, ESKER. The apparently eccentric course of the rudely-formed roadway was due to the necessity of following the course marked out by a submerged ridge, or remnant of one, or of joining the little mounds which here and there showed above the surface, while around was bog or water affording no foundation. At some points the *tochar* was scarcely above the level of the water, and there were indications that at times the water would completely cover portions of the roadway. This engineering defect served a useful purpose, as will presently appear.

Having struggled through the most formidable portion of the bog-road, the carriage drew up in front of what appeared to be one of the ordinary *clahans* or clusters of thatched cabins so frequently to be met with in the same part of the country.

In the gateway stood a pleasant-faced youth, wearing a white flannel jacket, bluish grey trousers, and a dark green round cap or bonnet with large top tuft at the centre. He raised his cap and smiled as Father Anthony stepped out of the rude con-

veyance we have called a carriage. Then came Gertrude wrapped in a Claddagh cloak, and leaning on the arm of her Uncle Ffrench. Father Anthony had so far put aside his fisherman garb that he might now pass for a man of business.

"This is Maeve's youngest brother, Donough. He's going to be a Dominican ; aren't you, Donno ?" To which Donno answered only by a good-natured smile, implying that some day he might be one of the Order.

The group of single-storey thatched cabins nestled under the shoulder of a great ridge, some thirty feet in height, and looking like the head of a railway embankment in the course of construction. In fact, the ground had been prepared for the rude buildings by cutting from the end of the ridge, and levelling up the boggy ground to the verge of the lake, which nearly surrounded the solid gravel formations. The cabins were partly enclosed by a wall, so that little more than the thatch could be seen from the *tochar*. The inmates of these poor dwellings had been expelled from the great Dominican Abbey of Athenry, and, through the kindness of some friends, had been provided with such shelter in a situation so bleak and desolate and so nearly inaccessible, that it could hardly excite the envy or the cupidity of the self-styled Chosen People.

The visitors went first to the little church, a rude shanty of timber, looking on the outside more like a cattle-shed than a temporary place of worship. There were no seats, and the altar, a simple structure, was almost the only indication of the sacred purpose for

which the humble oratory had been erected. A few old women, wearing their rug cloaks over their heads, knelt in reverent devotion, taking no notice of the strangers.

Mass over, Father Anthony led his friends to the refectory, the largest apartment in any of the buildings, yet hardly large enough for the accommodation of the ten or twelve persons who sat on forms on each side of the strong but unpolished table, the aged prior taking his place at the end.

The friars wore heavy cloaks over the habit of their Order, and all appeared in a high degree cheerful except the prior, who was subject to rheumatism and suffered much from it, owing to the damp and discomfort of his present quarters. To judge from appearances, one would suppose that he was the only inmate who regretted the change from their late grand Abbey.

Gertrude felt a shudder involuntarily steal over her as she quietly took note of the bleakness and coldness of the surroundings. The thought of the infirm old prior forced from his home, as he called the Abbey, and driven into such an inhospitable situation, brought tears to her eyes, and she felt unable to partake of the homely fare. Although his companions sought to cheer him, the old man could not help giving vent to the bitterness of his soul when he made mention of the desecration wrought on the houses of his Order.

“Ah!” said he, “young people who feel neither pain nor ache may put up with fallen fortunes, but to one disabled by years and infirmities it is an affliction

almost insupportable to be hunted into the bog like a wild animal. *Parce nobis, Domine.*"

Mr Ffrench had a ready, winning manner, and while expressing sympathy with poor, old Father Dominic, sought to cheer him with hopes of better days.

"Why, Father, you will have another Ely here in the course of time. Weren't most great monasteries established in the midst of bog or swamp, just as in your case, the morass proving an effective as it was a necessary defence? And eventually the swamp became a garden, and the monastery a thing of wonder to after ages. Who knows—or, rather, who does not know—that one day, and perhaps before long, this Esker-in-the-Bog will become a thing of glory to the Dominican Order?"

The morning being fine and clear, Father Anthony took his friends to walk on the top of the great ridge, and then they discovered a second great ridge nearly parallel and to the south of the one they had just mounted. Labourers were at work planting and levelling the slopes and crest with the object of forming ornamental grounds in connection with the new settlement.

"Well, Bodkin!" said Father Anthony to one of the labourers, a man of small stature, elderly, and slightly lame, "won't it be a great pity after all this if the Roundheads come and drive us out again?"

"They'll not find it so easy," said the little man, resting for a moment on his spade. "It was never easy to turn out a Bodkin, I can tell your reverence. '*Bodkin is dangerous*,' they used to say in Galway;

and *Crom a boo!* say I, although fortune hath made me poor."

All laughed at the unexpected opposition with which the Cromwellians would have to contend if they came old Bodkin's way.

"You see," said Mr Ffrench to his niece, "there is matter for merriment even in Esker Bog."

"Now," said Father Anthony, when they had proceeded some way along the crest of the ridge, "you have a better view of our neighbourhood."

Gertrude was surprised at the wide range of view, and could find more objects of interest than she had expected while driving along the *tochar*. On that clear, cold morning in March the view was indeed a remarkable one, and by no means wanting in variety. There was, indeed, much waste, and to the thoughtless there might seem to be little else.

"It looks," said Gertrude, "as if we were aboard a great ship becalmed. But then there are so many other great ships rising upon our horizon; or, shall we call them lofty islets springing from an ocean of great bog or sedgy morass, or dark-tinted water."

The "eskers" or "ridges" took her attention in particular, and she would fain have asked how they came to be formed. Father Anthony could only give his assent to Mr Ffrench's remark, namely, that the true explanation would probably not be forthcoming for a long time yet. He had little doubt that they were in some way due to the action of water—no one could doubt that who had scanned their structure as exposed in the recent cutting—but as to the exact mode of operation he admitted his ignorance.

As they moved along multitudes of rabbits scurried over the crest or down the sides, and sought their burrows in the deep layer of light, sandy soil which overlay the hard, gravelly mass, especially towards the base.

"And what a lot of old castles!" exclaimed Gertrude, pointing out some five or six to the south, along the course of the Kiltulla river, while others loomed in other directions, but at greater distances.

"Yes," said Father Anthony, "these and many others in various parts of the County Galway bear witness to the power and influence of the De Burgos, and to the long and sanguinary conflict between the invaders and the older proprietors." He directed attention to the great, lofty building towering to the north-west, some three miles off. "That," said he, "is Birmingham Castle, named from, if not founded by, the conqueror of the O'Connors, as he was a little later of their ally, the Scotch adventurer, Edward Bruce. Immediately to the left of the castle you may discern our old Abbey of St Dominic. Our Galway or Claddagh house, St Mary's-on-the-Hill, founded in 1488, was a branch of the Athenry Abbey. In spite of his pains, poor old Father Dominic has to be helped up here, as often as he can venture out, to get a view of the house from which he was ejected—the old house in which he had spent nearly half a century; and when he hears the beat of the soldiers' drums or the call of their trumpets, the tears come trickling down his furrowed cheeks. Much as it pains him to have the desecration of our

holy Abbey thus brought home to him, he cannot be prevailed upon to forego the opportunity of having even a distant look of the venerable building."

As Father Anthony told his story he showed some signs of the grief which he, in common with all the friars, felt under the crushing calamity that had befallen them. Turning away from the view of old Athenry, he pointed to some other historic localities.

"You see," he added, "that old castle to the north-east, just beyond the sandhills on the other side of the lake. That belongs to the O'Daly family, well-known to the Fourteen Families. Coming towards the east you may see the tops of Kiltulla Castle, the home of the D'Arcys—great lawyers and fearless patriots. You have heard, of course, the story of Mr D'Arcy, the sheriff, who died in prison because he did not panel a jury to please Wentworth. He lived at Kiltulla. More to the right—almost south from where we stand—you see the groves of Dunsandle, now in occupation of a younger branch of the Clanrickarde family, ennobled by the late unhappy monarch who thought it not beneath him to claim kindred with the great De Burgo family through their common ancestors, the Earls of Ulster. Ah yes," he added, "this old neighbourhood, waste and dreary as some would think it, hath a history, and a stirring one too!"

It was not intended, of course, that Gertrude should remain at Esker, but at Laragh, one of the old castles on the line of the Kiltulla river, and not much over a mile from the temporary convent. The castle was then occupied by a member of the O'Daly family,

whose wife had been a schoolmate of Gertrude's at the Dominican Convent in Galway, and was besides nearly related to her. Gertrude had promised to visit Laragh Castle immediately after her friend Delia Martyn became Mrs O'Daly, but, owing to the discouraging state of the times, had not been able to make good her promise.

A messenger had been despatched by Father Anthony to Laragh to advise the master and mistress of the intended visit. The messenger returned before Father Anthony and his friends had completed their survey of the neighbourhood from their "coigne of vantage." He had in fact, only proceeded about half-way when he met Mr and Mrs O'Daly setting out for Athenry, where they would transact some business, and on their way back would call and have the pleasure of bringing Miss Deane to their home, such as it was, where she might count upon a warm welcome if the entertainment should not be of the most delicate description.

On descending towards the cabins Father Anthony, finding that his friends took some interest in the "eskers," pointed out the succession of layers—sand, gravel, or clay.

"Some say," he continued, "that they were placed here as a puzzle to the inquisitive."

"They have been very useful to us," said one of the friars, who had now joined the party; "without them we could hardly have made a foundation. Some will have it that these 'eskers' were built up by the sea, for the sand and gravel point to that. But for so far we have seen no shells, not even the fragment of one;

and, to my mind at least, that circumstance alone makes a difficulty as to the alleged sea-action. It is lucky for us, at any rate, that they are here, for without them there would be no possibility of settling down in this dismal bog. There is just one attraction —there is nothing here to invite the cupidity of the invader ; not at any rate till we have made this place more productive, and that must be the work of many years to come.

“ From the hillocks and ridges that start up from the bog level,” continued the friar, “ we have collected the stones used in these buildings—the countless limestone boulders, great and small, that lay on and around the gravel deposits have served our purpose. There is no rock within reach, and when we have used up all the boulders we must put a stop to our building until we can see our way to bring supplies from the distance. One obvious difficulty will be the want of roads, not to speak of the means of transit. But we need not speak of difficulties. We have had a share already ; and even at the worst, God has been pleased to leave us some good friends.”

“ When you talk of the sea,” said Father Anthony, coming back to the alleged origin of the gravel ridges, “ we have several gravel or pebble ridges along the shores of Galway Bay, both to the east and to the west of the outlet of the Corrib. The shore ridges I speak of are undoubtedly due to the ocean swell playing on the sand and smaller stones, and rushing them up before it in such a way as to cut off considerable areas from the sea. The ridge nearly in front of the Claddagh is very like one of your inland

ridges in form, with this difference, that the Claddagh bank, and others along the margin of the Bay, consist mainly of smooth rounded pebbles, while these are of smaller and finer materials. But——”

Here a hand-bell was rung at the door of the homely little church, and all joined in reciting the *Angelus*.

CHAPTER XIV

"ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED"

DARKNESS had settled down on the dreary bog-flats of Esker, and Gertrude's friends had not arrived. The evening was calm, and the silence would have been profound but for the frequent and varied notes of the water-fowl, the only song-birds which, as Father Anthony said, had yet found out the way to this dismal swamp.

Over an hour of the darkness had elapsed when a cry for help started the inmates of the new Priory. Some one was in distress not far off. It might be the O'Dalys or some one coming on their behalf. At any rate, some one had got stuck in the swamp while attempting to make for the soft light of the Sanctuary lamp faintly glimmering through the small window of the chapel. It might be a friend or it might be a foe, but in either case the good friars would not fail to come to the relief. The lay brother in charge of the kitchen and two labouring men who were kept on the premises, taking a lantern, went towards the place from which the cries had proceeded, and were successful in rescuing a poor man, who, having missed the

tochar, got deep into the muddy water, and could not move for fear of getting deeper into the mire.

He was taken to the kitchen, washed and refreshed. He was asked to put off the wet things, but the scanty stock of apparel in his wallet had also got wet.

"With your leave," he said, "I will dry myself at your cheering peat fire. I am well enough used to a wetting, but not well used to so ready a means of drying."

As he stood up before the fire it became evident to those in the kitchen that he was no ordinary tramp, poor and toil-worn as he looked.

"Surely a sturdy beggar!" muttered Father Anthony, coming to the kitchen, and pausing to admire the great stalwart figure that stood by the fire. The attire was that of one who wears out leather and cloth in the weary ceaseless pursuit of fortune, as impossible to overtake as the rainbow. Yet Father Anthony could easily perceive something in the man's bearing which poverty could not disguise and calamity could not obliterate.

The stranger craved pardon, and briefly explained how he had come to grief—one grief more in addition to a thousand griefs—while trying to make his way to the Priory. "These good people," he added, "have been the means of saving a life which is, indeed, hardly worth saving, for the owner is unable to find a resting-place on this earth. I know I can best awaken your sympathies by declaring myself to be what I really am—*One of the Transplanted!*"

After Rosary time the stranger was introduced to the prior's apartment, where he told his harrowing tale amidst breathless silence, broken now and then by

the sobs of one of the listeners. All were in deep sympathy with the unfortunate nobleman—for such he really was. Gertrude, and to some extent her uncle, took an interest in the story more intense than any that the kind-hearted friars, victims themselves of oppression, could possibly have taken.

He, Maurice, Viscount Roche, late of Castletown-Roche, in the County Cork, had had trials enough to break down ten men, but it had seemed good to an All-wise Providence to sustain him and to reserve him for further merciful chastisement.

One of the earlier incidents of the campaign of 1650 was the siege of Roche's chief castle by a detachment of Oliver's army. Lady Roche was in command of the castle at the time. For four days she offered a gallant resistance, and would have held out much longer but for the heavy fire from a battery erected in a field on the other side of the Awbeg (Spenser's "Gentle Mulla"). Two years later on, the new masters of Munster had their revenge for the spirited resistance they had experienced from a brave woman. Lady Roche was hanged on a charge of murder on the testimony of a servant of doubtful character, although there was evidence to show that, at the time the murder was alleged to be committed, the accused was more than twenty miles away, and could have no knowledge of the matter. In 1654 Lord Roche was wholly dispossessed from all his property. The estates of Castletown-Roche were handed over to Colonel Widenham, who had betrayed Youghal into the hands of the Cromwellians. Lord Roche was turned out upon the world with four helpless young

daughters, having no means of support beyond what they received through the commiseration of the charitably disposed. One of the daughters took sick and died "for want of the necessary accommodation and diet."

After ten months' attendance on those in authority in Dublin, all the succour he could procure was an order to the Loughrea commissioners to set him out some lands *De Bene Esse* (*i.e.* provisionally). With this order he had to trudge on foot to Connacht, and he spent six months in attendance, besides getting £100 into debt. He was assigned twenty-five thousand acres in the *Owles* (Nephin Beg district) and in a distant part of Thomond. The lands were all waste and unprofitable. Even these had been disposed of to others by final settlements, both before and after.

The distressed nobleman was, after all his privations and toil, as far from having a settlement as when he started.

Why did Gertrude so shudder during Lord Roche's recital of his sorrows, losses, and trials? It was on a portion of the lands torn from this persecuted family that Charleton was to settle down; and, although he had never uttered a word to her on the subject, she was not ignorant of what his intentions were, provided that there was a reasonable prospect of gaining her assent to the project.

It is not hard to guess the unuttered thoughts which troubled her mind at that moment. To be the mistress of lands or houses won in so wicked a manner! to live in such a place and have always before one's mind the fate of the noble lady and of

her daughter! the sufferings and destitution of the husband and surviving children! Gertrude could hardly imagine a situation more revolting. Yes, there was just one other eventuality if possible more shocking to her sense of propriety: to live in that place and think not of the unspeakable wrongs done to the expulsed but rightful owners.

"I have talked so long of myself," said Lord Roche, "as if I were the only unhappy person going. If one may find any consolation in the thought that he is no worse off than many others, there is indeed much reason to be satisfied. Jordan Roche, of Limerick, had an estate worth two thousand pounds a year. His daughters have now to support themselves by washing and wringing."

And better, thought Gertrude, to be one of those distressed young ladies than to be the wife of the man who would grab the home and the estate from which they, poor things! had been hunted out without means or prospects. Could a conscientious woman expect happiness were she to consent to be mistress of the house, the late occupiers of which had been driven to destitution through no fault of their own?

Lord Roche gave the prior a touching account of the sufferings of the transplanted, over and above the irreparable losses they had sustained in being deprived of houses, lands, and goods; the movables were supposed to be at the disposal of the expulsed, but how were chattels to be removed from the eastern to the western seaboard? It was in the depth of winter the long and weary pilgrimage had

to be undertaken. The sufferings and privations of such a journey at such a time could not be pictured in words. There was little welcome for the persecuted where they were sent to, and no wonder. The confusion was appalling. The commissioners at Loughrea bungled, or were swayed by bribery. Without some "token," no one could succeed in getting anything without heart-wearing delay; even then it would be his lot, if he got anything, to be dumped on some unreclaimable bog, or sent to find fortune on the bleak mountain-side. Or when the applicant fancied he had reached a resting-place, he found it had already been settled upon another —perhaps another stronger than he would come in when he had fitted up a sort of shelter and force him out again!

The settlement of Ireland? No! The unsettling of everything—"the proscription of a nation." But in the very confusion there were people who could see "the hand of the Lord fighting on the side of the Chosen People." The confusion, added to sorrows, sufferings, and privations, would hasten the wished-for consummation—the extermination of the old inhabitants, Irish and Anglo-Irish alike!

In listening to the story of one who had suffered beyond the ordinary limit of human endurance, the decrepid prior forgot his rheumatism, and tried to think that he had, after all, less reason to complain of the Roundheads than thousands of persons once opulent and gay, but who were then no longer able to make ends meet.

"Do not, my lord," he said, "imagine that I am wanting in sympathy with you and with the many who suffer with you. I have some reason to entertain a fellow feeling. But does it not seem to you that a sort of retribution has come upon you—I mean you Anglo-Irish lords and gentry?"

"No, Father Prior, I don't understand it so."

"You never thought of what misery and injustice your forefathers occasioned among the old occupiers whom they dispossessed?"

"Nothing like this, I trust."

"Ah, yes, my lord, Just take the case of the very county to which you belonged. Was there ever in the history of man's inhumanity to man an instance of greater cruelty, rapine, and vandalism than that which accompanied and followed the Desmond wars of eighty years ago?"

"But Desmond and his friends were rebels."

"Just what the Roundheads say of you and your friends. Bear in mind that your countrymen always raised that cry when confiscation was intended. Any attempt to resist the extortion or tyranny of the administration afforded the desired pretext for putting down the 'rebellion' and confiscating the rebels' lands."

Father Anthony and Mr Ffrench intervened with the object of turning the conversation in a different direction. But old Father Dominic, as they all knew, had a will of his own, and was not to be diverted from his purpose by a trifling interruption.

"Who are the people," continued Father Dominic, "that suffer most in the present Transplantation? Are

they not the descendants of the very men who, in every reign since the first Plantagenets, have been doing their utmost to root out the native Irish. Pray what would the Lords of the Pale and the advisers of Henry VIII. have done a hundred and twenty years ago, if they had had Cromwell's opportunity? Something of the kind was proposed even then, and it was abandoned when found to be impracticable. And now the descendants and representatives of the very men who urged on the most extreme course towards the native Irish have been themselves treated as mere Irish."

"Oh, we are all Irish now, Father Dominic!" Mr Ffrench interposed.

"Ay! Cromwell and his following will tell you so. But it is not so long ago, Mr Ffrench, since your lofty friends, the burghers of Galway, passed a by-law—in 1518 it was—'that neither O' ne Mac shall strutte ne swaggere thro' the streets of Galway.' You were not very Irish then, Mr Ffrench; but Galway has had its share of Irish treatment since then."

The old prior waxed warm and indignant at the thought of how much suffering and calamity might have been averted had the Catholic Lords of the Pale been able to look upon themselves as they were regarded by the regicides, namely, as recusants, "Irish" as well as "Popish"; and if, when they formed their Confederation, they could have made up their minds to act in concert and cordiality with the older stock.

"We may all say, my lord, that we owe our present unhappy condition to the fact that your

Catholic Lords of the Pale *would be English* and not Irish. When the troubles began in '41 or say, '42, you would be loyal, but, as your lands were more desirable than your loyalty, Parsons and Borlase soon found means of driving you into revolt with the mere Irish. Had you made common cause with them then, or at any subsequent period, the regicides would not be where they are now, at least in Ireland. Had you been able to put aside racial jealousy, and appointed the hero of Benburb commander-in-chief, royalty would not have fallen in Ireland."

"Preston was a brave man," said Father Anthony. "He was, you may remember, a distinguished graduate, of the Academy of Mars, the Low Countries."

"Yes," said Father Dominic, "he had courage and capacity, but jealousy of the mere Irish paralysed him. Just think that while he was besieged in Waterford he refused admittance to the gallant Hugh Duff O'Neill and his worthy companions, who had made so heroic a defence of Clonmel against Oliver himself, and who abandoned the town only when all supplies failed, and just as the besiegers were about to give up the attempt! Yes, my lord, your pitiful jealousy of the old stock was the beginning of your ruin, and ours too. You allowed the king's cause to fall into the hands of Ormonde, the man who betrayed Dublin, and the sword of State into the hands of the Parliamentarians—the man whose mismanagement and incapacity as a military leader gave Jones such a walk over at Rathmines as opened the door to Cromwell—the

man who showed a wonderful readiness in retiring from every point where the progress of the regicides might have been stayed—the man who was distrusted, and who really hated the Irish and their religion. In Ormonde's hands the king's cause could not prosper. What matter if so much blood and treasure had not been wasted in the cause of an undeserving dynasty! If you could only have supported the one man who was capable of meeting Cromwell—I mean Owen Roe O'Neill—your story, my lord, and mine also, had been a very different one. Owen had not only the qualities of the general, he had also the capacity of a great ruler, and his willingness, for the common good, to act in even a secondary position is in striking contrast with the wretched jealousy of those who sought to mortify him and to ignore him. The Irish Fabius was the man for the occasion—the man for Ireland. For no other reason than that he was Irish he was thrust aside, and the way was made pretty clear for Cromwell. Now you may chew upon that, my lord."

"In faith, good father, I have got many bitter things to chew upon, and much of the time have I little else to chew upon."

"Well, well, we must make our best of matters as they stand. Brother!"

A lay brother came towards the prior's chair, and was directed to bring in something to help to cheer the sorrow-burthened.

The table was soon covered with the small wooden drinking-vessels called *corans*, and an earthen jar was placed near the prior's seat.

"Now, Father Anthony," said the prior, "you were wont to dispense hospitality. Let us see that your hand has not lost its cunning." Then with quite an altered expression of features he turned towards Lord Roche, adding, "I find, my lord, that in this very damp and gloomy situation a little of the *usquebaugh* hath a sustaining power ; it helps, when used in moderation, to correct what the Roundheads call the 'country sickness.' But, Miss Deane, we are neglecting you in our noisy discussion. You will join us in drinking to the better fortunes of Ireland."

But Miss Deane was firm in declining the *usquebaugh*. Her uncle called for water, and enquired with a humorous twinkle of the eye whether the supply brought to him in a noggin had come from the Holy Well of Esker.

"You may observe," said Father Dominic, "that although the water is clear and sparkling like the *usquebaugh* itself, the mixture of the two looks somewhat inky."

"Which shows, Father Prior," said an elderly friar, "that one of them is enough at a time."

"And the preference is due to the stronger," said Father Anthony, a remark which caused some merriment round the table.

The *usquebaugh* had indeed a magical effect upon all present. But a few minutes before a deep gloom hung over them. For the moment, the tales of suffering and oppression were put aside, and a cheerful hour was spent enlivened by witty anecdote and even by song. It looked as if the victims of oppression had at

least succeeded in bearing away happiness and cheerfulness from the spoiler's grasp.

The merriment and song were for a little interrupted by the entry of a lady and gentleman in travelling garb. They were evidently no strangers, for there was an interchange of the warmest greetings all round. Gertrude had the pleasure of again meeting her former schoolmate, Delia Martyn, and Delia's husband, Mr Denis O'Daly.

"Why," said Mr O'Daly, "you have all the good cheer going in your new convent here, Father Dominic."

"*Fas est despere in loco,*" replied Father Dominic, pointing to the jar. "Try to refresh the outward man, Mr O'Daly. You appear fatigued, as one who has been on a journey."

"I have had an adventure," said O'Daly. "I ought to say *we* have had an adventure, for Delia has had her share." Then, quaffing his *coran* of *usquebaugh*, he stood with his back to the blazing wood and peat fire, the light from which made the two candles look faint and lurid.

"You have not met with the Roundheads, I trust?" said Father Anthony.

"I have indeed," replied O'Daly. "We have."

("He is not yet quite used to the dual number," said Mrs O'Daly in an aside to her friend Gertrude.)

"We had some business in Athenry to-day," continued O'Daly. "We were prepared to leave about one o'clock, intending to come this way for Delia's esteemed friend, when to our amazement a buff-coat officer came to inform us we were wanted at Berming-

ham Castle. On going up to the castle we were at once, and without a word of explanation, thrust into a vaulted chamber, and the door was closed upon us. There we were detained until about two hours since, when we were taken before the commandant of the garrison, who was accompanied by a military man from Galway, as I learnt. He was addressed as Major Charleton."

At the mention of the name Gertrude gave a slight start, which did not escape the notice of her schoolmate.

"And what, think ye, was the head and front of our offending? Madame had tied a ribbon in such form as to suggest to the Roundhead soldier that it was intended for a cross to be flaunted in the faces of the Chosen——"

"The Mark of the Beast!" said Ffrench.

"We were detained to await the commandant's convenience. To do him justice, I think he was not at all pleased with the action of his subordinates. He merely gave orders for our enlargement. The other officer—Major Charleton, I believe—did offer some words of apology. But in these times we may consider ourselves by no means unlucky that we got off even as we did."

Charleton was then on his way to Loughrea, where on the following day he had an interview with the Lord President of Connacht on the subject of his allotment. He was entitled to the advantage of the first disbandment, but at the instance of Colonel Stubberd had consented to continue in the capacity of aid-de-camp to the governor. Stubberd understood

the men he had about him, and he knew that Charleton was more reliable than any of the self-applauding Saints who urged greater zeal in the service of the Lord. But the major had grown weary of the position, and would gladly retire to his allotment, the more so that others had been at work to deprive him of it.

Coote listened to his appeal, but withheld his decision as to the matter of early retirement, or rather he declined to say what he would recommend to the Lord-Deputy and Council. The Lord President was not in a gracious mood, and Charleton was rather curtly informed that he must return to duty in Galway and await further instructions.

Charleton was not greatly disappointed, as he was not ignorant of the underhand agencies at work to disparage him in the estimation of the Lord President, and Coote would be a more just man than he was commonly allowed to be did he not by this time feel much prejudiced against the applicant.

The journey to Loughrea was not quite thrown away, for it brought Charleton into contact with Lord Roche, who, as already stated, was making a last, and, as it proved fruitless, attempt to procure some spot in which he could rest without further disturbance.

The sight of so much destitution and so much true nobility of character united in the same person made a deep impression on Charleton. He informed the distressed nobleman how pleased he would be to forego his claim provided that by doing so he could benefit the late owner.

"My good sir," said his lordship, "it would be but

THE KING OF CLADDAGH

150

ham Castle. On going up to the castle we were a once, and without a word of explanation, thrust into vaulted chamber, and the door was closed upon us. There we were detained until about two hours since when we were taken before the commandant of the garrison, who was accompanied by a military man from Galway, as I learnt. He was addressed as Major Charleton."

At the mention of the name Gertrude gave a slight start, which did not escape the notice of her schoolmate.

"And what, think ye, was the head and front of our offending? Madame had tied a ribbon in such form as to suggest to the Roundhead soldier that was intended for a cross to be flaunted in the face of the Chosen—"

"The Mark of the Beast!" said Ffrench.

"We were detained to await the commandant's convenience. To do him justice, I think he was at all pleased with the action of his subordinates. merely gave orders for our enlargement. The officer—Major Charleton, I believe—did offer words of apology. But in these times we consider ourselves by no means unlucky that we off even as we did."

Charleton was then on his way to Loughrea, where on the following day he had an interview with Lord President of Connacht on the subject of an allotment. He was entitled to the advantage of first disbandment, but at the instance of Captain Stubberd had consented to continue as aid-de-camp to the governor.

nd a ford
which it
ached by
r's tower
y up and
pleasant
erful by
and and

e, for all
tors who
nd that
defence
liament
etainers
e most
scharg-

ted, the
i there
times"
159

when they were together at school, and in following up the subsequent history of schoolmates, not overlooking the stirring and strange events which had brought so many who once enjoyed elegance and affluence to destitution and misery. Gertrude and Delia could reckon a pretty strong muster, from among their own near kinsfolk, of people, the young as well as the old, who had succumbed to suffering and sorrow.

"We have indeed been fortunate," Gertrude would say. "At any rate, *you* have, Delia."

"True, but who can reckon on continuance of peace in these times? Surely the worst is over; but then we cannot count on that. The worst is indeed over for many of our poor friends who have found relief in death, and for many who survive there may be a better time coming, but can they ever again be as they once were?"

"Oh, never! Really, Delia, I cannot help regarding it as a kind of reproach to have a home and means at a time when so many are deprived of both on account of their attachment to faith and honour."

"We have, at any rate, much reason to feel grateful, and our obligation to succour as many as we can is evident."

Delia would take occasion to allude to Charleton, but Gertrude never mentioned his name when she could avoid doing so.

"Why do people," she said one day, a little pettishly, "persist in speaking to me of that gentleman? I am not aware of any particular reason for

making so free with his name in my hearing. He has never given any cause, nor have I, to my knowledge."

"I understand. I do not suppose you could think of marrying a Puritan, and settling down on an estate from which some family had been driven out because of their religion and nationality."

"I should consider myself much wronged by such an imputation."

"No one doubts it. But put aside his Republicanism, his Puritanism, and his estate based on Parliamentary title, and suppose him to stand on his own personal merits—"

"I should find no fault with him then. Pray, let the matter drop. We must go to the top of those hills some fine day. How far would it be to the top—a mile?"

"Yes, as the crow would go. It may be almost two miles as we should have to go."

The hills mentioned by Gertrude lay to the north and west of the castle, and were connected with the ridges already described. Though consisting of the same materials as the ridges or "eskers," they were more massive and elevated, and as seen in the twilight from a moderate distance, they resemble a mountain chain in miniature with sierra-like crest, the more conspicuous on account of the bog-flats by which they were on all sides surrounded, particularly at the period to which our story belongs.

But many days passed before they were able to make good the project of reaching the top of the sandhills. The weather was then rather uncertain, and it happened more than once that just as they

were about to set out for the hills, the rain would come down suddenly and heavily. Besides, they were in the habit of paying daily visits to some sick and poor persons in the bogside cabins.

Towards the end of May they found the desired opportunity of visiting the sandhills. There was not much to be seen there, Delia said. Gertrude admired those mimic mountain ranges, and would like to see them more particularly. Whereupon Delia would take occasion to remark that Gertrude was, for a certainty, intended to live in the country.

Gertrude was indeed delighted with her walk ; it was so healthful to climb those monster mounds of Nature's handiwork and to breathe the sweet breeze that swept their verdant sides. Where not covered with clumps of furze or hazel or bracken, there was a short but close covering of new grass due to the limestone and to the spring showers. Multitudes of rabbits for a few seconds showed their white "buns," and then disappeared in their labyrinths worked into the looser portions of the surface. One hill in particular, towards the south end of the range, appeared to be the favourite haunt of these timid but industrious creatures, and the excavated matter showed the reason : one side at least of that hill was covered with a deep layer of fine drift sand under a thin layer of grass-bearing soil. There was also a large flock of sheep almost as timid and wild as the rabbits.

The ladies had gained the top of the Rabbit Hill, which looked to be the highest of the group, all of which rose from a common platform. And how many little grassy hollows and cup-shapen depressions !

"Oh! where did all the people come from?" said Gertrude, pointing towards the margin of the bog along the east side of the sandhills. "And all so busy! What are they doing there?"

"They are cutting turf," said Delia. "How would you like to 'wheel' turf there as those country girls are doing?"

There were several groups of workers, the men cutting out the peat in brick-shaped pieces with a *sleyn* or narrow spade, and the women, most of them young girls, conveyed the peats from the "bank" or place where cut to the "spreading-ground," where they were to dry for use as fuel. The men's white jackets or vests of home-made flannel, and the red handkerchiefs which the girls wore on their heads, together with the lively movements of the workers, made a scene at once picturesque and enlivening. There was song and jest, and exchange of badinage between the groups, and now and then the loud cheer announcing that some one had scored in the wit contest.

"What a happy people!" exclaimed Gertrude.

"You could almost envy them?" Delia said.

"I could almost wish to fling off my shoes, tie a red handkerchief on my head, and join the light-hearted peasant girls at their work. One would imagine there was little cause for sorrow among these people."

"It is owing to this buoyancy of spirit that there remains an Irish race. The disposition to be merry where and when they can has brought our people through persecution such as would have wiped out any other people. Let us see the other side of the hill."

Around the south and west spreads a lake, and near the opposite verge, close to the two great parallel ridges, stood the cluster of thatched cabins, in which the expelled friars of St Dominic had found a welcome, if cheerless, home. In the very centre of the lake rose a great mound of the gravel formation, partly clothed with clumps of hazel, blackthorn, and golden-flowered furze.

"Oh, how I should like to be on that island!" said Gertrude. "And see! a little boat!"

There was indeed a small boat at rest in the deeper expanse to the right of the island, and in the boat were two men who appeared to be casting lines.

"I think I know them," said Delia. "The boat comes towards us. Let us try to get down to the water."

It was no easy matter to make the way down to the edge of the lake. The hill was steep on that side and nearly covered with scrub and furze. As they neared the level of the water the ladies could see that the occupants of the boat were Father Anthony and his pupil, young Donno MacRigh.

At their own request the ladies were taken across and landed on the island, which rose somewhat abruptly to the height of twenty, in some places thirty, feet above the water, the ascent from the little landing-place being by a zigzag path bordered by stunted hazel.

Young MacRigh remained in the boat, and had those who landed taken such notice, they could easily have perceived that he was by no means easy in his mind, and that his anxiety was in some way

due to their present expedition. But on they went laying hold on the hazel twigs to facilitate ascent, and thought not of the boy in the boat. The island was about forty perches in length, forming a rude arc of about one-third of the circle, the width at the top varying from three or four yards to as many perches.

About the middle of the length was one of the cup-shaped depressions such as the ladies had observed among the greater mounds to the east of the water, except that it was partly concealed by the brush which grew round the margin and covered most of the space within.

Gertrude, remarking what a curious little dell it was, commenced to explore it, but suddenly retraced her steps with an affrighted look, uttering some words not quite audible to her friends.

Father Anthony on entering was scarcely less surprised to find two men whose appearance was not unfamiliar to him.

"Who are you and what brought you here?" he demanded in Irish.

"Carbra Conneely and Cahal Mac-an-Righ."

On hearing the names Gertrude's alarm gave way to a stronger feeling of agreeable surprise. Were not these the young men who were said to be aboard the West Indian barque that foundered with all hands aboard, not many leagues to the west of Slyne Head?

Carbra Conneely! That was surely the name of the young man who was to be married to the King's daughter when they were so cruelly separated by the

and the
the off-
stood
spulse
if che-
rose a
y cloth
en-flow.
Oh, how
d Gertru-
There was
xpansive to
were two m-
comes tow-
water.”

It was n-
the edge n-
they and n-
that near n-
and his p-
At thei-
and land-
abruptly
thirty, fe-
landing-
stunted
Young
those w-
easily h-
his

Unfair and unjustifiable proceedings carried out in the name of Governor Smithfield.

"And when did you come here?" the first
questioned as if he were not yet satisfied that the
answer was correct. It was clear they could not
have come to the island without a confederate.

They could ~~now~~ ^{see} that they had come early that
they were now ~~now~~ ^{now} rowed over by the *boatmen*.

Answer to further questions, Carbra said it was
true that they had gone down in the ship bound
to Indian Islands. They were not aboard,
she said, and to show their escape the day
of the sinking. They had since come
out adventuring and had many hair-
breadth escapes, the last of which would be long
ago. She said she had been wishing
to go to the Islands and fearing to
do so because of the danger as a place where
there were many pirates and robbers. She had
been away from the Islands for many
months, however, and frequently of

... and the children to come
... were at the same refreshment,
... and the men take it them by
... the most
... the day may be almost
... them to sleep
... the day was dry and
... Parker Anthony
... bed

by any apprehension of the ~~boundaries~~ coming upon them.

So the fugitives were left to themselves and were fast asleep almost before the discoverers had regained their boat. Donno had some reason after all, if it pleased that his early morning work gained for him the applause of the lady visitors, and at least the tacit approval of his master, Father Anthony.

Delia wished to be put ashore at the foot of the Rabbit Hill so that they might return by the same path.

"Can we not see the Holy Well of which we heard so much not long since?" Gertrude ~~inquired~~

"Oh yes," said Father Anthony; "it is just at the foot of the hill nearer our convent. It is as near Laragh as the other—nearer, in fact."

They landed only a few paces from the Holy Well, and Gertrude remarked the rusty sediment in the stream which flowed from it. The spring was gushing up through a stratum of ~~thin~~ ~~yellow~~ ~~green~~ ~~green~~ ~~yellow~~ ~~thin~~ sand under the foot of the hill the violence being sufficient to form the stream all at once.

"The well," said Father Anthony, "has great virtue for many miles around. On the eve of the Epiphany crowds assemble, many coming long distances, to get a supply of the blessed water to which they attribute extraordinary curative powers for man and beast."

"And what is the odd-looking building some perches higher up?" Gertrude asked.

Delia laughed, remarking that Gertrude wished to know everything about the country, which, indeed, was true.

"A limekiln." Father Anthony proceeded to give an account of the mode of burning limestone with peats from the bog. The stone was strewn as boulders over the face of the hill, and any quantity could be had in the form of rounded smooth pebbles, by making an opening anywhere in the hill. The burnt or quick-lime was required for building, and also for reclaiming such portions of the bog-land as they wished to turn to account for tillage purposes.

Father Anthony had been "across the water," as he would say, several times within the past month. His news was not bad all round. The worst was, that the old King of Claddagh continued to keep his bed; he did not appear to be sick, took a fair supply of food, but appeared to have lost all interest in what was going on around him, never speaking to any one, never noticing any one's enquiries. The aged invalid was lying in a cabin about three miles west of Galway, but some of his friends had already found their way back to the Claddagh. The Wise Men of his council were speaking of carrying him back to the cabin re-erected for him on the site of the old one, in the hope that, once more among former surroundings, he would rouse up and resume his wonted station. The Roundhead masters of Galway, finding that the colony expected from England was not forthcoming, were obliged in their own interests to connive at, or even to encourage the return of those able and willing to do useful work. The owners of property in the town were tired of keeping vacant houses in repair without any prospect of return; and, in fact, many unoccupied houses had been going to

ruin, and were an incumbrance rather than a source of gain to present owners.

The Roundheads were not all carried away by fanaticism, although a good many still were, and would be to the end. But fanaticism, had done its work, and was on the decline in Galway, as it was in England. The intelligence from London was the cause of much anxiety to the more thoughtful men of position ; it had become clear that Oliver had made for himself an untenable position, and it was certain that no successor would be able to move on the same lines. There would be a change, and a great one ; every man of sense was convinced of that. It had therefore occurred to the more worldly-wise that the time had come when it behoved all who would enjoy what they had gained to try and make friends with the Mammon of Iniquity. The reign of the Saints upon earth was indeed a bad time for the malignants, but it was better to make some composition even with malignants before the said reign came to an end.

CHAPTER XVI

CARBRA'S STORY

BEFORE night set in again, Carbra Conneely and his comrade were induced to leave their island refuge and come to Father Anthony's own apartment at the convent, and there the former related the following particulars of their history, from the time they were removed from Mutton Island fort.

"When brought to the Connemara coast," said Carbra, "we were put to work on the huts and temporary fortifications they were erecting for the convenience and defence of the detachment sent to keep up communication between the continent and the great island, while the siege of *Ardkyn* was proceeding. Later on, we were employed in catching fish for the use of the garrisons; that is, Cahal would be taken out in one boat and I in another to instruct the soldiers in the way of taking the fish; there were always two soldiers armed with sabres in each boat, and we were never allowed to proceed far out. I learnt that we were to be sent to the West Indies as soon as a ship would sail for those regions, and I had often thought how we might contrive to make

our escape—it would be better, at any rate, to perish in the Bay where many a good Claddagh man had met his fate than to be buried alive among cannibals and blacks.

"At length one day we were together, and in the boat with us were two soldiers armed as usual with sabres. We were out about a mile from shore when a breeze sprung up. 'Now,' I said, 'is our time.' The soldiers motioned me to make for the shore. On purpose, we ran the boat towards a part of the coast where the water was light, and shot pretty close to a large loose rock that showed above water. As we were passing, both soldiers turned round, startled by our closeness to the danger. On the instant we raised our oars, and knocked over both of the Roundheads into the water. Before they could recover their balance we had shot the boat to a safe distance from them, and, pulling with all our might, were soon out of view, for it had become quite hazy. The disbanded soldiers were not in much danger of drowning, for they might wade out, the water being nowhere more than four feet deep between them and the shore.

"Our first thought on finding ourselves free was to pull across to the Burren side; but considering that in the haze we might run too near a vessel which we knew was beating about, we pulled on in the direction of Spiddal. As there was danger of meeting with buff-coats there, we got into a very rocky little cave two or three miles west of the village. We thought it better to let the boat go adrift; if we kept it, there would be so far a clue to our identity. As

it was, the wind blowing from the north-east, the boat was carried out in the direction of Inismaan.

"For five days we kept concealed among some scrub near the place of our landing. We knew that pickets would be sent out to scour the country, but they would not venture from the beaten tracks. We were able to sustain life on shell-fish collected after dusk or before sunrise.

"When we thought the danger of pursuit might be over, we ventured inland a few miles, and succeeded in making some change of apparel. Even in the wild desolate district towards Ballinahinch the work of 'settlement' was going on. A great many of the transplanted Ulster people had, it appears, first settled down in Lietrim, Sligo, and the north-east of Mayo, and just as they began a new start in life, they were obliged to pack up again and move on to the bleakest parts of Mayo and Iar-Connacht. Many of these had just arrived, and very few of them could find any kind of habitation; women, children, and feeble old men had died by the way, or had come to the end of their journey and the end of their mortal pilgrimage at the same time—they sank down worn out by fatigue, and want, and sickness of mind as of body. Whenever a company of pilgrims settled down, the distressful *keene* was to be heard; and to some it seemed better to die at once than to enter on the hard struggle of supporting life under conditions so unpromising, and all but impossible.

"We spent some time among the new settlers, and helped to put up shanties for people and cattle. But although in some apprehension of coming nigh to the

Corrib shore, we found ourselves gradually coming towards it, and had made up our minds to learn how matters stood there, when, late one evening, we were within an ace of falling into the hands of a mounted party not far from Barna. We made for the beach, where, finding a curragh hauled up on the sand, we launched it, and at daybreak we were at Black Head on the Clare side. The curragh we drew up to a place of safety, where we might find it again if required. I hope to be able to make restitution to the owner when times mend."

Among the Burren mountains the travellers found misery even greater than among the transplanted on the opposite side of the Bay. It was on this bare rock that the first batches of expulsed proprietors were let down. Carbra had seen a good deal and heard even more of the woeful plight of the settlers. The sufferings of the Claddagh during their temporary exile were as nothing compared with what was endured by the people of Kilkenny, Westmeath, Longford, King's County, Tipperary, Kerry, who were transported to Clare, to the baronies of Burren, and Corcomroe especially. Every kind of habitation had been burned down, and to make the desolation thorough most of the old castles had been blown up with gunpowder. The famine at one time was so sore that the exiles had been obliged to kill and eat the cart-horses or *garrans* they had brought with them, and many stories were told of people who were reduced to the horrid necessity of eating the remains of those who had died of starvation!

"All the time," continued Carbra, "there was a

longing upon us to return to the old habitation and the old employment. We were on our way to O'Behan's Town (Ballyvaughan) when, observing a cruiser in the Bay, we once more betook ourselves to the hills, going towards Kinvarra" (*the Head of the Sea*).

Here again they apprehended danger, and pushed on towards Gortnasiguara (more recently Gort), but kept clear of the town. They fell in with a man named Kelly, who held dominion in an island in Lough Cootra, and took his supplies from the Slieve Aughtry mountains adjoining. One day they were almost face to face with a scouring party of cavalry, and among them Carbra was able to recognise the traitor burgess of Galway, Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas. The mounted party made a hurried retreat when a volley of musketry from an unseen enemy startled them. The attack came from a band of Tories concealed among boulders and brambles where pursuit by cavalry was impossible.

The party of Tories, however, quitted that side of the mountains early in the following night, taking with them Carbra, and Cahal, who were not armed, and who, in fact, knew nothing of the use of firearms. The march was in the direction of Portumna, with the object of making forays into the Clanrickarde lands, in occupation of the Lord Henry Cromwell. There was no regular order of march. Carbra and his companion, having had considerable training in the school of necessity, contrived to separate from the band, and once more to make good their escape. They lay concealed until hunger compelled them to descend to the low country in the direction of Athenry. They

knew that if they could manage to reach the new Dominican refuge in Esker bogs they should not perish of hunger. And they were not disappointed.

The young men wished, at all hazards, to return home, on account of the old King and his faithful daughter, who were left so lonely. Father Anthony's advice induced them to remain with Donno for a few days until he should return from the Corrib, when he hoped to be able to advise them more particularly.

During the week that elapsed before the friar's return from Galway, the "boys" kept within the convent enclosure. It was hard enough upon them to put up with so quiet and orderly a mode of life, much as they needed rest and regular, if homely, meals. They could have found work helping to reclaim the boggy ground intended for a kitchen garden, but, as Claddagh men, they had an aversion to the spade. The only work in which they could have part was the building up a dry-stone wall enclosure for pigs, lately added to the live-stock assets of the convent.

Father Anthony did not intend to be absent more than three or four days at most.

"I wished," he said, as soon as he and the boys were again together, "to see the old man in his cot once more I——"

"And how does he get on?" Cahal enquired with eagerness.

"You would say there is little the matter with him, if you saw him——"

"And Maeve?" cried Carbra.

"I need not say she looks quite refreshed by the

news I had for her. She is the good Maeve to her invalid father."

"Ay, God bless her!" said Carbra somewhat vacantly.

"And in His goodness He will," rejoined the friar.

Father Anthony did not wish to tell them that the news of their safety and arrival appeared to make no impression on the sorrow-crushed King of Claddagh. If he noticed the communication at all—and it was doubtful—he heard it with stolid incredulity; the "darling boys" had gone to the bottom, no matter what people might say to please him.

"We had him taken, wrapped in a blanket and in his own white-sailed hooker, round from Gentian Bay to the Corrib side; and we carried him then—it wasn't far—to the new cabin which his kind friends had put up for him. The best is, that Governor Stubberd has been prevailed upon to pass his word that no one will be allowed to disturb the invalid. Even Stubberd is capable of doing a generous thing. But the credit is chiefly due to Major Charleton and the merchant Deane."

Father Anthony yet hesitated to mention that the presence of the "darling boys" themselves might be the first thing to rouse the poor old man from his condition of mental torpor. To his surprise Carbra suggested something of the kind, and expressed his willingness, at all hazards, to visit the Claddagh at an early date.

Father Anthony shook his head, and intimated that he could not yet approve of that course. Consider-

able sensation had been created by reports of outrages committed on the "property" of present occupiers even so close to the walls of Galway as the lands of Menlough. John Mathews reported the loss of cattle and sheep on several occasions recently. Having at the beginning turned out all the old tenants, and not finding others to his liking, he had been trying to graze the former holdings on his own account. Repeated raids had been made on his stock, and there was quite a commotion among the garrison. The patrols by night and by day had been made more numerous. It was therefore especially dangerous for men liable to be treated as deserters to venture within the Liberties of Galway at that particular time.

The young men were silent, and appeared satisfied as to the wisdom of the friar's advice.

Father Anthony was the bearer of a message from her father to Gertrude, and he went to deliver it at Laragh Castle.

On his return he was much surprised and pained to find that Carbra and Cahal had left with the intention of making a brief visit to the Claddagh. They had told Donno that they would only remain for a few hours, and would return as soon as they could. They knew the old man was dying to see them, and they knew also that Maeve was breaking her heart, although she spoke of it not even to Father Anthony. They knew a way to get in without making the buff-coats any wiser, and they would see whether the old man would not know them and welcome them.

When did they leave? Almost immediately after Father Anthony had left for Laragh. They had therefore nearly three hours' start, and had time to reach the Bay at Kilcolgan, or at other points. It would therefore be hardly possible to intercept them. Yet Father Anthony resolved to follow after. If he could not overtake them, he might still be able to come between them and the danger which threatened them. "If," said he, "they fall into the hands of the Roundheads there will be a full stop to Carbra's story."

CHAPTER XVII

THE ADVICE

A RATHER dark night had settled down upon the water, the gloom being increased by a fine close rain such as is not unusual on and around the Bay of Galway, when a boat pulled by two men was approaching Mutton Island. The night was calm, and the breath of air was contrary, so that a sail would not be of much service.

"If we can get past the island without being seen, then all will be well." So said Carbra Conneely to his comrade Cahal MacRigh.

But they did not get past unseen—at all events, unheard. The sounds made by working the oars could be heard by the sentinel on the castle walls. As the boatmen did not heed the challenge, a musket shot was discharged at the boat, and almost immediately, a boat manned by four shot out from the wall to go in pursuit of the suspicious craft.

As they were in danger of being caught before reaching the river mouth, they kept to the south of the island, running as if for Barna. The pursuit was hot, and had the fugitives kept the open water, they

would for a certainty have been run down. The pursuers were fresh, and were four to two, but in an inshore race they were afraid to do their utmost.

When opposite the curious boulder-drift headlands, called in modern times Mount Gentian (and now used as golf links), Carbra and Cahal shot their boat in safety through the maze of huge erratics which partly block the entrance to the creek lying between the two white-fronted cliffs.

"God be praised!" the young men fervently exclaimed in their own tongue. "It will be enough for the *Bodagh Sassenach* to find the way in here if they are rash enough to make the attempt."

And rash enough they were to take what appeared to be the straight course, but only to find themselves stuck upon the smaller submerged erratics.

"They have done well!" again exclaimed Cahal. "We will have time now to carry the boat over the ridge, and run back before they can get off."

The ridge so mentioned is one of the many pebble formations alluded to in a former chapter as analogous to the "eskers" of the midland plain and some particular districts to the north of it. These shore ridges are obviously due to the impulse of the great ocean swell aided by a reactionary littoral current. One may see on any day when the wind blows hard from the ocean how powerful is the ocean swell to rush the smaller pebbles above tidal level.

The headland which Carbra and Cahal rounded to escape from their pursuers is really an island—an outlying fragment of the boulder-drift which stands fifty feet above sea-level, presenting perpendicular

fronts on three sides. On the other it joins the mainland by the pebble ridge over a quarter of a mile in length, and which may be traced alongshore to the east for half a mile further. The long, narrow creek between the ridge and the side of the greater (Mount Gentian) promontory serves to this day as a harbour of refuge for the herring boats. Near the middle, the ridge is only wide enough to form a cart-way, and thefeat mentioned by Cahal could be readily accomplished ; at high tide the water of the creek is separated from the outer water by the partition just described.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the creek were some groups of cabins which the fishermen had occupied during the time of their exile, and from one of these their invalid King, Conor MacRigh, had just been removed to his old homestead—or the one lately erected on the same site ; and most of his friend-subjects had returned a short time previous. There were, however, a few cabins still occupied by Claddagh people, and the question with Carbra and Cahal was, should they call at one of these and pass the night there ?

It was Carbra who put the question, and at first he was inclined to rest there till daylight appeared. But when he remembered that the boat was borrowed, and that they had undertaken to return it to the owner in the course of the following day, he agreed with Cahal that the best course was to put the boat to the east side of the ridge, before the Roundheads would be able to extricate themselves if at all able to put to sea again.

Carbra believed that the Roundheads would not be able to get out their boat in time to renew the pursuit. To his surprise he found they were after him, but not so close as in the first heat. The shore between the headlands and the harbour at Galway shows, at low water, numerous spurs of black rock or boulder heaps running out towards the deep water, with intervening clear spaces. Carbra understood how to run alarmingly near to the rocks and yet keep out of danger. Should the pursuers come "too nigh" he would give them another chance of sticking on the gigantic erratics. These erratics or boulders form so conspicuous a feature in the coast scenery as to suggest, over a century ago, to the great Galway naturalist and philosopher, Dr Richard Kirwan, that "the Bay of Galway was once occupied by a mountain of granite which had got shattered and strewn about in some great convulsion of Nature."

Carbra's pursuers were evidently on their guard against being drawn out of the safe course. They kept off, but were aiming at getting between him and Mutton Island. Whereupon Carbra let them pass, and then, turning to the left, round the headland on which stands the modern seaside suburb of Salthill, he succeeded in giving the Roundheads the slip.

Two centuries ago, or even later, the sea covered the greater part of the flat lands now enclosed between the Sea Road and the Grattan Road. The site of the Industrial School Farm at Lower Salthill—which affords a good modern instance of what monks could do in the way of converting bog and waste

into smiling gardens—was, at high water, a sort of salt lake, and when the tide was “out,” it afforded a rich harvest of cockles, whelks, and mussels to many poor people—men, women, and children.

It was within an hour of midnight when Carbra turned the head of his boat into the Lower Salthill Bay; the tide was about full, but it was a neap tide, the moon being in her last quarter. There was now a faint glimmer of moonlight struggling through the constant drizzle. Carbra was able to follow the winding course, which at low water was marked by the channel of a tiny stream that ran from near the foot of Taylor’s Hill, through the spot on which the Industrial School buildings now stand. The boatmen were able to ascend to the point where the creek curved round a kind of crag covered with stunted black thorn.

“We can leave the boat here,” said Carbra, “and then walk round to *Cnucka-in-Tampeill-Mirea*. There will be no people about at this hour.”

They dragged the boat from the water, intending to conceal it among the brushwood.

“Halt!” thundered a hoarse voice, and on that instant the unfortunate fellows were in the grasp of five soldiers, who had been ambushed at the spot, probably because it was near to the road or track leading to Barna and Spiddal.

“Who are ye, and what do ye want in this place?” demanded the leader.

The astonished captives partly understood the question, but were unable to reply to it in English.

“Shackle them!”

The poor fellows poured out explanations and entreaties in the only tongue they could use. The shackles were put on both, and then they were silenced by rude thrusts from the stocks of the soldiers' matchlocks.

"To the citadel!"

Oh, what a heart-freezing disappointment! After so many sorrows, toils, and perils undergone to see again the faithful girl and the sorrow-blighted old man—after making their way almost to the door—after, or rather in the moment of congratulating themselves on their happy escape from pursuers—at that very moment to fall into the hands of the dreaded enemy with no prospect before them but an early and violent death!

No wonder the two strong men wept bitterly as they were dragged past the end of the Claddagh, through the three great gates guarding the West Bridge, to the citadel hard by. They were thrust into a small, vaulted chamber. One gleam of light from the warder's lantern, then the iron door closed with a heavy bang, and the captives were left to the gloom of the cell and the more chilling gloom of the spirit.

"Oh, if we had but listened to Father Anthony's advice!" said poor Cahal, when the burst of despair began to subside.

"And what advice would he give us now, if we could hear his voice?" said Carbra.

"To call on the help of the Most High."

"And he would tell us also—as we have more than once heard him say—that the hand of the Lord is more powerful than the hand of the *Sassenach*."

"The hand of the *Sassenach* is on us now."

"Ay, and we know that it is not a hand to deal mercy. O God, come to our assistance! O Lord, make haste to help us!"

"And you know, Carbra, what you and I used to do every night when we lay out on the wild mountain or among the hard, wet rocks of the seaside. We never tried to rest till we had said our 'join-prayer.' We followed Father Anthony's advice in that."

"And let us follow it now," added Carbra.

Their clothing was wet, but they knelt on the cold, hard flags, and in the fervour of an afflicted spirit offered up their "join-prayer" or rosary, not forgetting to implore strength to undergo whatever further trial it might please the All-Bountiful to send them. The afflicted old man and the brave, good girl were not overlooked in the earnest supplications.

Weary, worn, and famishing, they were soon asleep on the cold, bare flags. Sleep will assert its claim over every other claim known to the guiltless and simple-minded. They were not the least happy people in Galway, shackled though they were still, and wrapped in wet, cold garments, as they lay on their rugged, rocky bed.

At a late hour on the following morning they were refreshed with a scanty crust and water. Then they were led out and paraded in the courtyard where a group of officers were in attendance to view the suspects.

"A rich capture, on my honour!" said Lynch Fitz-Thomas to the captain of the citadel.

"What sayst thou, Lynch?"

“Tories!”

“Tories, didst thou say?” interposed John Mathews. He seldom even yet deigned to exchange words with one who was born and bred a Philistine. Curiosity moved him to hear what Lynch Fitz-Thomas had to say about the captives.

“These men,” said Lynch, “were of the band of Tories, nestling in the mountains above Gortnasi-guara and Loughrea—the same who lately fired on the reconnoitring party, of which your servant had the honour to be one.”

“Didst thou not report,” interrupted Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrey Hurd, “that the party firing on you were so well ambushed you saw them not?”

“I did see the captives at their outpost, and they did give the word to those that did fire.”

“Now that the Lord hath delivered them into our hands,” said Mathews, “we will even hang them on the Great Gate tower. What a guilty, bloodthirsty look the Tories have!”

“I am sure, Mathews, on the same entertainment, thou wouldest have a very charming look of innocence,” said Charleton. “Peradventure, thou wouldest be good enough to allow the governor to have a word in the matter before thou dost proceed to hanging?”

Mathews turning to his friends, John Camell, John Peters, Elijah Brock, and Jarvis Hind, whispered that Charleton was a Tory at heart, and was in league with Tories, even with the Tories who had plundered the lands of Menlough. “These be the Sons of Belial which do ravage to the inheritance of the Saints, and the man who would screen them is even as they are.

Will not the Lord be wroth till He consumes us if we are dilatory in doing the work to which He has called us?"

These remarks, although apparently addressed to his own clique, were loud enough to be heard by all present, prisoners included, had they understood the lingo. The words were intended to create a feeling against Charleton. The majority, however, were on Charleton's side, holding that no action should be taken till the return of the governor, who had gone to Loughrea to have conference with the Lord President of Connacht.

The prisoners were therefore remanded to their cold dark cell, but in the course of the day, owing to Charleton's interposition, the captain of the citadel ordered the removal of the shackles.

Father Anthony had lost no time in setting out with the intention of overtaking and diverting the young men from their purpose as a perilous and imprudent one. He came to Tyrone, where he was unable to find any trace of them, and just as he was about to be rowed out towards a herring boat lying a short distance from the headland, word was brought that a poor man, some three miles from Tyrone, was at the point of death, and desired spiritual attendance. As the more imperative duty, Father Anthony attended to the sick-call, and was just in time to administer the last rites. Meanwhile, Carbra and Cahal had found a boat, and set out from another little inlet, and the darkness coming on, they were not discovered by their friend until rescue was impossible.

Father Anthony was in the major's boat, waiting

at the Wood Quay, when Mathews approached, coming from the North Gate.

"You be Charleton's boatman?" said the soldier-preacher, fixing his white eyes on the oarsman.

"I have that honour, at present" replied Father Anthony.

"And thou speakest English, I see."

"I have learned some of that jargon."

"Jargon! Jargon is the outlandish thing spoken by the Philistine idolaters of this land."

"It is so styled, I believe, by all who are stupidly ignorant of the ancient language."

"Oh, ho! At any rate, thou canst read an English book?"

Father Anthony nodded.

"Then must I speak to my friend Robert Clarke, who keepeth our ammunition, to give thee a Bible out of his store. Thou canst learn from it that there is one Lord and one God, and Him only thou shalt serve."

"Which, it is presumed, will be new——"

"Thou needst not fear to read the Word now, my poor man. The priests will not again prevent thee, nor shall they rage that thou art to be instructed. They are no more. They have been trodden under foot never to rise again. For thus saith the Lord—*'I shall beat them as small as the dust before the wind; I shall bring them to nought like the dirt in the street.* If thou knowest of one of these vendors of abominations, if thou canst drag him from his hole, believe me, thou shalt not go unrewarded. The Lord hath a great work in hand; it is to clear this land of three

troublesome beasts—the priest, the wolf, and the Tory—and there is a liberal sum of money on the head of each. In time to come, it will be as easy to find a Druid in these kingdoms as a priest of Rome. The land hath been given over to the Saints, the Chosen of the Lord, and the Pope of Rome will have no more influence in it than hath King Agag who was hewn down before the Lord."

"That were indeed a great change."

"That change has come already, my poor man. Canst thou not see it with thine own eyes? The Lord, wroth with the abomination of this idolatrous people, hath given them over to destruction. *Is not destruction to the wicked and aversion to them that work iniquity?*"

"As Job's Comforter saith," the boatman shot in. But Mathews was so carried along by the spirit of his subject that he heeded not the interruption.

"Now when thou receivedst the Word do not fail to read it, and in good time I will enquire into the state of thy soul. For *I wish God would speak with thee, and would open His lips to thee, that He might show thee secrets of wisdom, and that His law is manifold; and thou mightst understand that He exacteth much less from thee than thy iniquity deserveth. Peradventure, thou wilt comprehend the steps of God and wilt find out the Almighty perfectly.*"

To which the boatman added: "*Ask any of them that go by the way, and thou shalt perceive that he knoweth the same things.*"

Mathews stared at the boatman, and at the next moment was startled by a ringing laugh. It was

Charleton's; he had heard a portion of Mathews' homily and the boatman's rejoinder. The soldier-preacher felt that the laugh was at his expense, and without another word he hurried to the barge which was to convey him up-stream to Menlough.

"Let Jack and his cant move on," said Charleton, taking his seat in the boat. "I am sick of him."

The conversation was about the poor fellows in the citadel. Nothing would be done until the governor returned to Galway. Had Mathews and his party been able to carry out their purpose, the prisoners would by this time have been dangling under the clock over the East Gate.

"I am afraid the case is a serious one for the poor fellows," continued Charleton.

"It is certain they are innocent."

"I have no doubt of that. But innocence is not proof against perjury, or, in these days, against the mere presumption of guilt. The statement of Lynch Fitz-Thomas is positive and precise. Who is to contradict him?"

"Would evidence as to character not be received?"

"Yes. But would it signify? And, again, such evidence could not be tendered without ripping up an old sore. For, so far, there appears to be no suspicion of their connection with the Connemara desertion. And if the question of their previous history be raised, how can you guard against the danger of bringing too much to light? It is the old, old story, you see; you rush against the rock in your eagerness to escape the whirlpool. Better, I should say, to let that line of defence alone, as more likely

to convict than to serve the prisoners. It is, God knows, a sad look-out; and you may be sure that there will be loud calls for the blood of the accused. The Eyres and one or two others will be opposed to anything like a violent departure from justice. The governor's sense of right or wrong is not a thing to count upon. But he hates Mathews, and when he hears—as he shall—that the Menlough Saint was for hanging the prisoners without an hour's delay, he may be more favourable. But I should not depend on that. Much will turn on the phase of humour that may happen to be uppermost with the governor when he comes to hear the case."

Was it known in the Claddagh that the young men were again in prison?

Father Anthony believed that no one on that side of the river knew anything of the matter. No one had any reason to expect the arrival of "the boys" on that night. The boat would, no doubt, lead to enquiry and perhaps identification. But the ill news should be kept out of the King's hovel as long as possible. It was to be regretted that anything had been said there about the safe return of the young men to the neighbourhood, but that could not now be helped. Occasion should be taken to break the news as gently as possible; but not so long as there was a possibility of keeping it back.

Charleton stepped ashore at Tirrelan Castle, the garrison of which was under his direction as officer in attendance on the governor. Especially since the lands in occupation of Mathews had become the scene of midnight forays from the dispossessed outlaws then

known as Tories, Charleton had been obliged to visit the Castle almost every day, although he did not always come by boat. The embankment roadway extending from the North Gate to the castle afforded even a readier approach.

As Charleton would be engaged for some time, the boatman pulled across to the west side, and rested in the quiet water between two small osier-clad banks or islets. While waiting signal from the castle a hooker under a brown lug-sail came gliding down in mid-stream. As the boatman sat upright he was recognised by some one on the fuel-laden hooker, and in very little time the row-boat was by the side of the larger craft, and with it drifting down.

After a brief but earnest confab with a man wearing a slouched glazed hat, who leaned over the side of the hooker, the oarsman pulled out towards the more sluggish water at the west bank, and then up to his former resting-place between the willow-clad islets. The little circular tour which he had thus executed could easily have been observed from the castle battlements, but there was nothing remarkable in it. Boats were constantly going and coming, and hailing each other in all the moods, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' If the warder at the top gave any heed to what passed immediately under his eyes, he heard not what was said, and he could have no idea whether the matter was of any importance to him or to any one else.

CHAPTER XVIII

PATIENTS AND PATIENCE

VERY wroth, indeed, was Colonel Peter Stubberd on his return to find that in his absence Jack Mathews had proposed the execution of the prisoners. It was not indeed on account of the prisoners that he felt angry, but on his own account. He had long suspected that Mathews was making underhand attempts to oust him from the governorship, and he had learnt while at Loughrea that representations had been made privately to the Lord-Deputy and Council both by the soldier-preacher himself and his supporters in Galway. There was no reason to think the application would be successful, but the discovery had put the governor into very ill humour. He would have turned out the prisoners if only to show Mathews who was governor. But it was whispered to him by Paul Dod and Lynch Fitz-Thomas that this course would certainly bring upon him the censure of the Parliament. So he fixed a time for hearing what was to be said for and against the accused, and the state of his temper did not bode much good for them. It showed, indeed, a great

change in the times when any form of trial was called for or advocated by those then in power, or by an appreciable number of them.

For the next two days the governor was busied with other matters; but on the day after, as he had in any case to inspect the citadel, he said he would also see the alleged Tories, and hear what was against them.

On the morning fixed for that purpose, he was on the stone steps leading to the front door of his house in High Street, when a seafaring man, wearing a yellowish oiled overcoat and black glazed slouched hat, and bearing on his arm a basket of shell-fish, stood in front.

"Want any Burren oysters, your honour? Look at them lobsters. They're fit for a royal faste, your honour. Buy them, and help the poor man. Help his honour! He is going to faint!"

The governor would have fallen down the steps had he not on the moment been supported by Charleton and Lieutenant-Colonel Hurd, who were nearest to him. A crowd collected as if the people had risen out of the ground, and in the excitement the oysterman disappeared, leaving behind his basket. The governor had to be carried to bed. Search was made for the man in seafaring garb, but no such person could be found, nor had he been seen by any one after leaving the crowd.

Dr Athy was at once summoned. He and the merchant Deane had been the first of the "Irish and Papist" who had been permitted to re-enter the town after the clearing-out by Coote. They had

indeed been recalled by the governor himself, who found his interest in having both near him.

"The old complaint," the doctor whispered to Charleton, when he had made his examination.

"Serious as before?"

"I am afraid so, and we have not the nurses who brought him through then. I feel rather at a loss, not knowing any one who understands the complaint."

"There is one, I think," Charleton suggested with some hesitation.

"Gertrude?"

"Yes. But I suppose it is out of the question."

"I don't know about that. I am aware she has been more than once sent for by her father, and has as often postponed her return. Her father's house is but a dreary sort of home for her, and, in truth, she hardly ever regarded it as a home. She likes it none the better of her father's correspondence with your people. Yes, you may take that as a fact, if not quite a complimentary one. I have a notion she will not hesitate when there is a work of charity to perform. It is better to have Stubberd, bad as he is, for governor than that odious old Pharisee of Menlough."

Charleton met his boatman, and in less than two hours later on a message was despatched by water to Tyrone House to be forwarded by Mr Ffrench to his niece at Laragh Castle.

Dr Athy was much pleased when he learnt how promptly his suggestion had been acted upon.

"Miss Deane appears to feel very much at home at Laragh," Charleton remarked casually.

"Oh yes. You may say she is with a sister—the only sister she ever knew. Delia Martyn and she were brought up together from the cradle by the Dominican nuns, for Delia also lost her mother in early infancy. The bond is a very strong and durable one. Another matter of some importance, she feels pretty safe in O'Daly's. There have been many troubles and vicissitudes within the past eighty years. Many of the old stock, then in affluence, have been wiped out. But the O'Dalys have contrived to weather every storm. No matter how affairs went with others, they stuck to the broad acres, and hold them still—a thrifty, worldly-wise people, those O'Dalys. In 1598, 'Dermot O'Daly of Lerra, in the County of Galway, gent, obtained a grant from Queen Elizabeth of the entire manor or lordship of Lerra, with all the towns and castles to the same belonging,' and no one has yet interfered with them. If Gertrude apprehends any annoyance here, she can return to Laragh. But I don't think she will be troubled now by the individual she most dislikes—and most fears, too, I think. Lynch Fitz-Thomas has surely abandoned hope in that quarter."

"In every quarter," said Charleton.

"True. He parted with a great deal, and very little he has got in return. At the present time he has neither friends nor means. He has brought himself to a state of absolute dependence on your people."

"You may wish him joy of that!" said Charleton.

This conversation was carried on in a room off the same landing as the patient's room. They could

hear the moans and the incoherent mutterings of the prostrate governor. The nurse reported that she could sometimes make out the words "long grey beard," but as there was no one to whom the terms could apply—no one, at all events, in Galway—she was told not to mind such things: the patient in his delirium would mix up ideas in the most incoherent and incongruous manner.

What would be done with the young men imprisoned in the citadel?

Charleton was not sure, but he believed they would be detained awaiting the governor's recovery, unless, in the meantime, the Lord President of Connacht should intervene. It was possible that the recorder would decide what was to be done, should the governor's recovery be slow. "There is really no evidence to sustain conviction in a civil court. Lynch is positive that these are the men he saw at the place where he and the troopers were attacked; but not one of his companions will undertake to identify them. And then he saw no arms with the accused. Lynch's evidence may satisfy a court-martial, but is less likely to satisfy a civil court. If right were right the prisoners ought to be liberated, but in any case they are guilty of being Irish, and that may be enough to justify an extreme penalty."

The evidence relied on to convict Carbra Conneely and Cahal MacRigh would not count had the accused been other than Irish; for Lynch Fitz-Thomas had fallen very much in the estimation of those to whom he had sold his birthright. Indeed, for some time past, most of them took no pains to conceal what

they thought of him. Some of his former friends had found their way back to town, and were, in a quiet way, engaged once more in commercial pursuits. Among these there was not one who would speak to him or recognise him. He was treated as the betrayer of Galway, the chief minister in the ruin of his townsmen. Distrusted by the party to whom he had bound himself, hated by those whom he had deserted, and despised by all, he was seldom seen on the streets, and now began to seek the solitude of his own dreary abode. His public life may be said to have come to an end with the event with which the fortunes of the captive boatmen was associated. Lynch's celerity on that occasion had become the standing jest of the barrack day-room.

The Cromwellians of Galway had by this time become divided into at least two well-marked parties. On the one hand were those who had seen, almost from the beginning, that reaction in England was certain, as soon as the strong hand of the Lord Protector was off the helm of State. And a reaction in England would shake the new order of things in Ireland. Those who were enough far-seeing to realise, not merely the probability, but the certainty, of a turn in the tide, were also wise enough to provide against consequences by the adoption of lenient counsels, as far as was possible, in opposition to the almost rabid ferocity of the governor, and his inner circle of counsellors—Rehoboam's young counsellors they proved to be in the end. Then there was the party who were always proclaiming that they took their rule from the Bible, and—although they did not

avow this—took John Mathews for their prophet. Those had so committed themselves to the policy of exterminating the Irish—for which they found mandate and warrant in Holy Writ—that there was for them no turning back. Indeed they were so blinded with fanaticism, that they could not for a moment imagine the possibility of a turning point being reached in their own day. They therefore went on as if an Oliver were to succeed an Oliver, and so on, to the end of the world. Nor need we wonder that these self-deluding men were so blinded, not merely to the general interests, but to their own. The policy which they held for Gospel comes to the front, from time to time, even to the present day.

Such, in general, was the state of affairs when Gertrude returned to her father's house. She left Laragh with many regrets, having experienced there, that which she scarcely knew under her father's roof—the companionship of a congenial spirit. But it was a call of duty, and she would not shirk the call, merely because taste or fancy would incline her the other way. Governor Stubberd had no claim upon her service, but even his life might be worth preserving at that crisis. There was another sufferer, who, humbler, was more heroic, more deserving of support and consolation. There was a simple, sorrowing, but uncomplaining girl, who, in poverty and affliction of spirit, watched by the bedside of her aged father, whose melancholy situation was to her one long weary burden, without hope, but not without love. If Gertrude could, by her presence in Galway,

do ought to sustain that noble but sorely tried girl, she would esteem it not a duty but a privilege.

"I think he will come round again," said Gertrude to Dr Athy, as they stood at the door of the sick chamber, the day after her return to Galway.

"There is a chance in his favour," said the doctor. "I wished you to see him, if only to give those women the benefit of what you and the good nuns were able to do for him on the former occasion. But of course I would not have you do all you did then."

"I could not think of that," she said. "I had a companion then who is wanting now, and who has a claim on me. Oh no, I am not going to work here; but as long as you advise me, I shall look in and help to watch the patient's progress."

Charleton was sometimes present during these brief visits to the sick-room. Gertrude's attitude towards him was as towards one whom she had met and almost forgotten again. His resolution to hold on by his allotment on Lord Roche's property was a real barrier even to friendship, and she wished to let him see that it was. She could not, or she would not, appreciate the motive of retaining it rather than let it fall to Lynch Fitz-Thomas or any one else. She knew of no motive that would justify a man of honour and integrity in laying hold on what had been acquired under such circumstances. No one might talk to her about the sanction of an Act of Barebones' Parliament, or, indeed, of any Parliament. She recognised no competence in any body to legalise mortal sin.

They met, spoke, and passed like people resolved upon avoiding intercourse and non-intercourse alike.

But on one occasion she was present for at least a quarter of an hour while Charleton and Athy were discussing a matter in which she took a real interest, and did not affect to conceal what she felt.

Charleton had news about the "boys" Carbra and Cahal, which, if not the best, was at all events better than it might have been. The recorder had sent the accused to Aran, where they would be under the care of the man who had arrested them on leaving their boat that night. The case was not so bad as it might look. Buckley was by no means a bad sort of fellow. Miss Deane would perhaps remember the gigantic sergeant whose life she was the means of saving when he was dangerously ill of plague. It was the same Buckley. He had just been advanced to commissioned rank, and would, it was understood, be promoted in a short time to the rank of captain, that is as soon as the present commandant would retire to his allotment. For the present Buckley would be nominally second, but in reality first in command. The fate of the prisoners would be practically in his hands, and it could easily have been in worse.

"There is at the present time," said Charleton, "a demand in the islands for a considerable number of labourers to erect huts for the accommodation of some priests and monks who have been kept in various jails throughout the country. I found an opportunity of moving the recorder, and making a suggestion to which he has given effect. In my opinion, the poor fellows will be no worse at work on Aranmore than pining in the dungeon cell, and I feel confident they will run less risk of the rope. But they must not again

try to break boundary : if they make any attempt to decamp, I shall not be answerable for them another time. Patience is their best chance. As matters are moving on at present, the opportunity may be found to do the poor fellows some justice, always provided that they do not injure themselves by taking a rash step."

Gertrude listened with intense interest, and, on the whole, with pleasure. The question with her was—Should she mention the matter to poor Maeve? In any case, she intended to call at MacRigh's cabin, as she had done almost daily since her return.

Athy and Charleton were of opinion that the matter could safely be left to Gertrude's own judgment and tact, the more especially as there was now a more hopeful side to the case.

Gertrude did not intend to pay any further visits to the governor's house. The patient was on the winning side, and only in the event of relapse was there cause for apprehension. She would therefore have more leisure to try what could be done towards bringing comfort into the King of Claddagh's poor cabin—if not to the unfortunate King himself, at least to his faithful, long-suffering nurse.

Gertrude preferred to be ferried from the *Ould Key* gate across to the ruins of St Mary's-on-the-Hill, at the nearer end of the Claddagh. It was only at a pretty advanced state of the tide that boats could cross, for at other times the rush of water from the Corrib was too impetuous for transit. She would therefore time her visits to suit the necessities of navigating the river, rather than go round by the

West Bridge and run the gauntlet of its triple force of sentinels, and undergo the annoyance of being challenged and questioned by the rude, discourteous buff-coats.

Maeve did not appear to be very lonely. There were always villagers in the kitchen or in the still poorer apartment in which lay the old King, to all appearance oblivious of the movements and the clatter of tongues that went on around him all day long and throughout the greater part of the night. There was indeed no lack of attention from the kind-hearted neighbours—just a little too much of it at times.

It was a wonderful sight indeed—a fine, grand lady from the *Gallive* side coming to visit at the Claddagh! The visits were of course to the King's house, but that house was in appearance and accommodation very much like any other cabin in the village. The older people especially did not at all like to see the stranger come among them, even though it was understood that the great lady had been very good and kind to Maeve, the King's daughter. But it wasn't lucky to have anything to do with the *Sassenachs*, old or new, for the old ones had been in their time very much as the newer stock were then. Sure enough, the old King never did much good since he was among the *Gallive*. And poor Maeve herself was a living but sorrowing witness of what the people of foreign race and blood had brought among them.

Such was the import of the mutterings in the Claddagh dialect which passed among the elder people, the women especially, when Gertrude, unaccompanied, entered the cabin. But although there

was no smile of welcome, neither was there any rudeness or courtesy beyond a look of stolid indifference. As she entered the ill-lighted cabin some one called out Maeve, and the girl herself came from the invalid's apartment, looking pale and worn, her cheeks hollowed, and there were broad, dark rings around the still beautiful eyes. Her salute of welcome made up for the chilling indifference of her neighbours. She opened the door of the little cell or shed at the back of the kitchen, which was her own little apartment. Poorly and scantily furnished as it was, it afforded some evidence of order and taste such as would be sought for in vain in any other Claddagh cabin.

"I wished to see you very much, dear Maeve. I have news which you may rather like."

Poor Maeve trembled a little with anxiety, but could not speak. She had already learned that the poor fellows were in prison, and she hesitated to ask what had occurred.

A little crucifix stood in the small opening that served for a window. Taking up the crucifix and putting it in Maeve's hand, Gertrude continued: "Now for the love of Him who died upon the Cross, you'll try to bear a little more, and there is much reason to hope for better news before long."

Maeve spoke not, but raising the crucifix to her lips, reverently kissed it, and then clasped it to her bosom.

Then Gertrude told the story as she had learnt it from Charleton, adding: "God sends everything for the best. The illness of Governor Stubberd has been,

in all likelihood, the means of saving two valuable lives—two innocent men. A good friend has stepped in, and they have been sent to Aran to prevent worse. Pray for them, and they will be restored to you through the goodness of God."

Maeve dropped to her knees, again kissed the crucifix, and poured forth her heart in prayer to the Source of all Mercies. When helped on her feet again by Gertrude the poor girl whispered that now she felt indeed comforted, and she felt sure that the poor boys would come.

The conversation was carried on in Irish. We are assured by the contemporary author, Dr John Lynch ("Gratianus Lucius") that at this time Irish was the usual language of all the people of Ireland, "except the inhabitants of Dublin, Drogheda, and their immediate vicinities; the only knowledge we have of English is what we learn in schools."

Gertrude went to the King's apartment where some poor women were kneeling in prayer, making acts of offering for the old man's recovery, and for the safe return of "the darling boys." The patient was in his usual way, a kind of doze or stupor. Occasionally his eyes would open languidly and close again upon a world in which he had lost all concern.

CHAPTER XIX

THEY PASS AWAY

THE governor's recovery was slow, although Dr Athy was unremitting in his attention. The patient was long confined to his room, and convalescence was retarded by his frequent departure from the dietary regulations.

Charleton was almost constant in attendance, and did all that he could to keep the patient to the rule laid down by the doctor ; and in return for this very important service he found that he was daily becoming more and more an object of dislike to the self-indulging governor.

Nor was Charleton very much surprised at this, for as he was well aware the people who had most influence with Stubberd would gladly have banished him to the Indian Bridges or anywhere else to have him out of the way.

Gladly would he have retired to the privacy of country life to be rid of such a lot, but there was an insuperable obstacle to his retiring. At one time he had almost found the way to remove the difficulty, but finding that what he had almost intended to do would only facilitate the designs of the traitor-burgess,

he had made an effort, and with success, to hold on to his allotment. Yet he could not make up his mind to reside upon it, neither could he think of throwing it up so long as it might fall to one whom he so detested.

The dislike entertained towards him by the governor and the more "godly" party was not a little aggravated by the freedom with which Charleton commented on the course of political events in England ; it was as wormwood to point out that the Lord Protector's violent courses would only hasten the end against which they were aimed.

Yet it was well-known that Oliver had already outlived his popularity with those who once lauded and supported him, and that his death would, by many of these, be hailed as a deliverance. Charleton was fond of relating what Cromwell himself had said on the occasion of his triumphal return from Ireland. On the 26th May, 1650, Cromwell sailed from Youghal for England, and, after a boisterous passage, landed at Bristol. On the 31st he reached London. As he approached the city the inhabitants turned out to give him a hearty welcome. At Hyde Park the Lord Mayor and the trainbands were waiting for him. He was saluted by guns great and small. As he was passing Tyburn, some sycophant said, "What a crowd has come to see your lordship's triumph!" "Yes," he replied with a smile, "*but if it were to see me hanged how many more would there come!*" And had this hanging taken place about the close of 1657, or the earlier part of 1658, it would have been the biggest event ever witnessed at Tyburn.

But while it was not unknown to the Lord Protector himself that his days were numbered, and that his power would not survive him, it was natural enough that the men who had fattened on his crime and tyranny should try to disguise to themselves the signs of the times, though writ in characters of blood and fire.

On 15th September, 1658, Richard Cromwell was proclaimed in Galway amid great rejoicings.

“Wherefore do you rejoice?” said Charleton to the governor and some of his friends. (The governor was by this time able to go about and attend to his duties, although no longer the man he once was.) “Do you rejoice that Oliver is gone to his reward, or that Richard succeeds? I do not quite see what reason *you* have to rejoice because a man of courage and capacity is succeeded by a mere milksop. We have seen that the burden was becoming too great for the man of iron; what will it be to this wooden successor? I see no occasion to rejoice unless it be for those who are longing for the return of the king.”

“And amongst these many will reckon thyself, Charleton,” said Camell, in cant the twin brother of Jack Mathews. “It is believed thou wouldest not grieve if Charles Stuart, the dissolute, were recalled to the throne.”

To which Charleton replied: “Thou art a prophet, Camell, of but little credit in thine own country, and none at all elsewhere. No one is bound to believe in thee.”

The retort was sufficient to put the critic to silence, but did not altogether remove from the minds of the

hearers the impression that Charleton was more Royalist than Republican. Such an impression in the earlier days of Cromwellian rule would have been sufficient to bring the suspect to grief, possibly to the halter. But Charleton knew well that there were others of the same way of thinking as himself, if they would only honestly avow their sentiments. No notice was then taken of what was said, but at a later period Charleton found reason to think that the circumstance had not been forgotten.

There were illuminations in the night-time, but it was observable that in many cases the house-occupiers were anything but cordial; they made a show of lighting up because it was cheaper to do so than to risk the consequences of neglect or refusal.

Even Deane's house was but sparingly lighted; in fully one half of his windows there was not so much as a single candle. The circumstance was commented on by a number of persons who had collected on the opposite side of Cross Street.

"Candles are scarce enough in Deane's," said one in a buff-coat.

"I thought Deane was on his way to join the Saints," said another.

"He intends to do so when he gets the daughter married," said one, muffled in a cloak.

"Ah! is it thyself, Lynch Fitz-Thomas? And was it not said thou wert once eager enough to take the same girl off his hands?"

The repulsed suitor answered after his kind, by innuendo seeking to cast disparagement on Gertrude.

“Lynch Fitz-Thomas,” said a stalwart man, also in a cloak, “you shall answer for these words!” and having said so the speaker passed on.

Without another word Lynch slunk away in the opposite direction, while those who remained jeered him and laughed at his want of pluck.

For ten days after these events Lynch Fitz-Thomas was not seen; he did not venture outside his own lonely house even in the night-time.

Then one morning while at breakfast, the governor heard some commotion on the landing. On sending to learn the cause, he was informed that a man was lying dead or wounded at the foot of the stairs.

“Hah! Lynch Fitz-Thomas, is it?” exclaimed the governor, as he rushed down the stairs. “What may be the meaning of this?” he demanded of the soldier on duty at the spot.

The sentinel explained that the gentleman came in with much appearance of excitement, and was about to rush up to the governor’s apartments. He was told to wait a little, as the governor was engaged. But he would not be prevented, and had gained the third or fourth step, when he was caught by the sentinel and thrust off, with the result that he stumbled and fell backwards, his head coming violently to the flags. The soldier had acted in accordance with his orders, and the sufferer had only himself to blame.

Fitz-Thomas was not dead, but there could be no doubt as to the grave nature of his injuries; his eyes were closed, he breathed heavily, and made no reply when spoken to.

Dr Athy was soon upon the scene. The unfortunate man had fractured his skull in the fall. It was, therefore, better to have him removed to his own house, which was not far off. The patient was accordingly carried on a litter to the abode in which he had spent many cheerless unhappy days and nights—certainly not a happy one within the preceding six or seven years.

Just before the doctor's arrival, an attendant took from the injured man's hand a crumpled paper, which he handed to the governor. It was only when he got back to his room that Stubberd looked at the paper. Then he read and re-read the document with the utmost surprise and bewilderment. He paced round the room several times and again read the paper :

SIR,—I have at various times been under particular obligations to you, and have as often postponed making suitable acknowledgment.

But I must not any longer delay to inform you that I am most solicitous to have a short interview with you on the subject of your chivalrous behaviour in reference to a certain young lady of this town.

The full particulars will be made known to you, if your natural modesty should prove slow to apprehend what I allude to. I have been unable to make you such return as your merits entitle you to, owing to that love of retirement which appears to grow upon you.

Will you now do me the favour to let me know where and when you may be seen—say, the old Spanish Parade, or the Green outside the East Gate ; for I beg to assure you, I shall not desist until I have discharged my obligations to you, and which I bind myself to resolve to the full on the very first opportunity that shall offer.—Till then I rest, your servant,

RUPERT CHARLETON.

To MARCUS LYNCH FITZ-THOMAS, Burgess.

Charleton was at Tirrelan when these things occurred at the governor's house. He was sent for, and came to town at once.

"Didst thou write that?" said the governor, handing him the paper.

"Yes, sir."

"And what didst thou mean?"

"To thrash the scoundrel within an inch of his life."

"In good sooth, thou hast been spared the trouble! Pray, what hath so moved thy ire?"

"On the night of the fifteenth instant I heard him use, in the presence of at least a dozen people, some of them common soldiers, foul and slanderous language concerning the estimable lady——"

"And thou shouldst have served him right, Charleton. When didst thou send the letter?"

"Last night, but I believe it was not delivered till this morning."

The wretched man on reading the communication had hurried to the governor's house, doubtless with the object of craving protection. The very step taken to save his worthless life proved to be the short-cut to another existence!

So wretched was the condition of the sufferer that no one could be got to nurse or attend him but the old man and woman who had been his only servants for a length of time. Not one of his former friends or acquaintances would enter the house; they believed there was something worse than plague about him who by his apostasy had done so much to ruin them all. Even the Roundheads evinced their contempt

and hatred for the half-reclaimed Philistine who held a share of the spoil won by their swords. He had long since made no secret that they came about him only to rob him and not for his society. And thus it happened that in his hour of need he was alone and unfriended—indeed very much as he deserved to be.

Fortunately for him he had in his enemy one nobler and more generous than himself.

Charleton, on learning the nature of the case, went to Deane's, and had a brief interview with Gertrude.

Accompanied by her maid, Gertrude went almost immediately to the house which she had again and again vowed she should never enter.

The patient appeared to be in much pain, but took no notice of what was passing around him. From the excited exclamations and broken remarks he made in soliloquy it was inferred he was becoming delirious. Gertrude was soon able to offer another explanation. She ceased not to pray earnestly to God that in the greatness of His mercy he would bring back the lost sheep to His fold. She saw, too, that if anything was to be done it should be done at once. The patient was not delirious, but he might soon be delirious or insensible. She prayed again that he might not fall into the more deadly stupor of despair.

"You are in great pain," she said.

The patient opened his eyes in bewilderment, but made no remark.

"Would you like to die as——"she was about to mention his mother, but changing her purpose, added, "your people all died?"

"What do you mean?" he gasped out.

Gertrude was delighted to find that her question had excited some interest.

"I mean—would you not wish to die in the faith of your fathers—in the bosom of the Catholic Church?"

"Yes, but—but—is it not—too late?"

"Not yet too late for mercy. And mercy is denied only to those who by despair deny the goodness and power of God. You wish to see a priest?"

"How can that be? We banished them all! And I helped to do it! Oh, wretched, wretched man that I am!"

"Yes, you tried to banish them all, but you failed. You thought that not so much as one was left behind. But one can still be found, and more still if he were gone. Say you wish to see him, and, no matter what may be the risk, he will answer the call."

Without waiting to hear his answer she spoke a few words to Charleton, who was standing near the head of the bed, but not within the patient's view. Charleton immediately withdrew. Gertrude and her maid knelt by the bedside and recited a Litany, in which at intervals the patient joined, uttering an earnest "Pray for me!"

The prayer was only concluded when Father Anthony, wearing his waterman's garb, entered the sick-room, and at once came to the bedside.

"Now," said Gertrude, "here is a priest. My maid and I will retire for a little."

"A priest!" said the sick man. "Isn't that Charleton's boatman?"

"Yes, but he is a priest none the less—a member of the order of St Dominic."

Then the visitor, leaning over the patient, said, in soft but distinct tones: "You don't recognise in this garb, and in this beard, one of your former schoolmates under our illustrious townsman Dr John Lynch, one named Anthony Joseph Browne, at a more recent period, Father Anthony, of St Mary's-on-the-Hill, Dominican Priory. I come to you now as a messenger of mercy, and there is mercy for all who do not by their own wilfulness spurn it from them."

As he spoke these words Father Anthony took from an inner pocket a packet containing his stole and breviary carefully rolled up in oilskin. The sick man made a sign of assent, whereupon Gertrude and her maid retired to the large window of the landing adjoining the patient's room.

From this window, much dimmed with dust and cobweb, they could look out on the Tholsel (afterwards the Exchange) beyond and above which rose the roof and spire of the Great Saint Nicholas. Many people were passing and repassing between the main street and the churchyard with Lombard street beyond it, through the open colonnades which formed the basement portion of the Town House.

Gertrude was watching, but in a rather vacant sort of way, what was going on across the street, when her maid called attention "to the old fellow who used to preach on the street, and scatter about so many books and papers which nobody on the other side of the river could read or understand."

Gertrude then perceived Jack Mathews crossing from the Tholsel colonnade, bearing under his arm a great book, and evidently making his way to the dying man's house.

Oh, where was Charleton then? Had he been within call—but he was not, for he had gone to Dr Athy's for some medicine which the doctor said would be ready about that time. And there was no one present who could prevent intrusion. Mathews was followed by two soldiers; he never ventured to appear abroad without an escort, having no great trust even in his own canting brethren; his faith was in his pistols and his Bible.

Was Mathews really coming to visit the dying man? Not a doubt of it; he was already on the stair. What was to be done? Should they give notice to the priest? To enter and interrupt the solemn ceremony was a thing they could hardly think of doing. Already the great buff-coat was between them and the patient's door. Gertrude entreated, and heard something muttered about Jezebel.

Mathews, pushing open the door, looked in, and then withdrew noiselessly, closing the door behind him.

“Thank God!” exclaimed both Gertrude and her maid.

But Mathews only went to call his body-guard, and immediately all three made a rush for the chamber of death.

Gertrude sank to the floor, and the maid uttered a cry which might have been heard in the room had

the occupants been less taken up with their own concerns.

There was a lighted candle on a little table by the bedside, and Father Anthony, wearing his stole, was in the act of administering the last rites.

"Seize him!" hissed Mathews. "One of the Pope's pedlars here, after all! And with the Mark of the Beast upon him!"

The astonished priest was seized, manacled, and led out to a lower apartment to await further orders.

As Father Anthony was dragged rather than led across the landing, Gertrude and her maid were about to oppose themselves to the captors, but were restrained by an admonitory look from the prisoner himself.

"What is it thou hast done?" said Mathews to the patient when the priest was gone. "I came to bring thee a full and free salvation, and I find that once more thou hast fallen into the snares of the Scarlet Woman. Lo! I bring thee the Word of Life, that thou mayst know there is one God and one Mediator in whom thou art to believe, instead of putting trust in the abominations and idolatries of these priests of Baal!"

He took his seat on a chair by the bedside, and began to turn over the leaves of the Bible which rested on his knees. But the dying man, making a spring from the bed, flung himself upon Mathews, upsetting the chair, and all came down pell-mell on the middle of the floor.

Mathews had time to utter only an affrighted cry for help, when the now infuriate patient with both

hands seized him by the throat, and the apostle's career would have come to an abrupt close had not a soldier and the aged major-domo came to the rescue. With some difficulty they succeeded in loosing the vice-like grip. Mathews lay gasping and exhausted. A little while longer in the dying man's grip, and help would have come too late.

They lifted the patient into his bed again and hurried to attend to Mathews, who looked as if he, too, were dying. They dashed cold water on his face and hands. At last he opened his eyes, and was helped to his feet. Whereupon he shuffled out of the room, but at once returned for his Bible. He had no more to fear from Marcus Lynch Fitz-Thomas.

The unhappy burgess made no sound or motion after his hands were loosed from the soldier-preacher's throat.

He was already dead!

CHAPTER XX

DOING THE WORK OF THE LORD!

JACK MATHEWS was himself again when he got to the street with a priest in manacles ; and he was in high glee when he entered the governor's house with so important a captive.

“Another rat in the trap !” he exclaimed on entering the governor's reception room.

The governor enquired the cause of jubilation. Mathews gave a jerky but triumphant recital of what had passed in the death chamber. “I think not of what I have myself suffered in the good cause since the Lord has seen fit to make me the unworthy instrument of His very great mercy in bringing to justice this ungodly traitor who hath heretofore by his wiles and cunning succeeded in baffling the vigilance of the Lord and His servants.”

Father Anthony was led in bare-headed and manacled, still wearing his stole about his neck.

“Behold !” exclaimed Mathews, pointing in derision to the prisoner, “a Jesuit in disguise !”

“Art a Jesuit ?” the governor enquired.

“I am not,” replied the prisoner in a firm, clear voice.

"He hath prevaricated!" Mathews said, with a look of horror.

"But thou needst not rend thy garments, Mathews," said the governor. He would not have been greatly distressed had the unhappy Lynch succeeded in perfecting his last undertaking. "Is not this the man who passed as Charleton's boatman?"

"Yea, yea! Charleton hath been in league with the Pope's pedlars. He is even a greater sinner than they, and at the least deserves their fate. And now that I think of it, this same vendor of abominations did on one occasion prevaricate when I did try to expound to him the true way. It rebuketh me to think that I did not even on that occasion discover the fraud."

"I understand thou didst promise the boatman a Bible on that occasion," said the governor sarcastically to Mathews. "Didst thou give it?"

"I did not—"

"Then, Jack, thou didst let slip a fine opportunity of making a convert to the true light."

The melancholy death of ex-sheriff Lynch Fitz-Thomas appeared to have had no other effect on the governor than to put him into a rather facetious mood. He gave orders, however, to convey the prisoner to the West Bridge or Lower Citadel until the case was more fully considered. Then addressing Mathews, the governor said: "I have some papers to attend to. You can look in again when Charleton comes."

Left to himself, the governor paced round the apartment, muttering as he went: "Lynch Fitz-

Thomas gone—he whom they nicknamed Fitz-Judas ! If he had but strangled the old Pharisee of Menlough I should have said that he had done one good thing in his day. Mathews has been my evil genius till even Coote laughs at me, now that the main question with him is how he may swim the rapids to which he says we are all nearing, but all will not pass in safety. Ay, Coote would know what to do if a wretch like Mathews hung upon him, weighing him down. Owen Roe O'Neill did not long survive Coote's banquet at Derry, and Ruby-nose Noll was even suspected of helping the fever that carried off Michael Jones, the very man who opened the way in Ireland for Oliver's success. Of course ! The axe, the rope, and the phial — why may they not each and all do the Lord's work as well as the musket the sword, and the fagot ? ”

The sound of approaching footsteps on the stair hurried him back to his seat, where he was again busied among the papers.

“ You wished to see me, sir ? ” said Charleton, on entering the apartment.

“ It appears,” said the governor, dropping his pen, “ you have been all this time harbouring a Popish priest. You cannot be ignorant of the penalty you thereby incur ? ”

“ Sir,” said Charleton, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, “ I am a soldier, and have seen service, as you well know ; and the man who makes a charge against me ought to feel well assured he can prove it. I have frequently employed to row me the man who saved my life. Had I believed myself to be as much

under the guidance of Jack Mathews as the governor, against his own judgment, has been, I should perhaps have instituted enquiry into the state of the man's soul. But I did nothing of the kind. I took it that the soul of him who could act so generously, so heroically, towards an enemy was in no worse condition than my own—certainly no worse than your soul or canting Jack's."

"In good sooth, Charleton, I should advise you not to speak boastfully while you are yet in the wood. You know it were an easy thing to found a charge on this of treason to the Commonwealth and Parliament of England. Just allow me for a little."

He went to a press and took out a large volume bound in cowhide, from which he read aloud: "Parliament declared that all persons who had served the Parliament of England in Ireland, and had betrayed their trust, and had adhered to, or should adhere to, or aid or assist Charles Stuart, eldest son of the late king, were traitors and rebels, and it was ordered that their lands should be confiscated and their persons proceeded against by martial law."

"That law was passed in 1649," said the governor, closing the book; "and it is still the law. You had some trouble to retain those lands——"

"They shall trouble me no longer," said Charleton with spirit. "Here," he added, taking a paper from his pocket, "here is my notice of surrender of whatever right and title I have or may have in the same lands; and I desire you, sir, to forward the document without delay to the Lord-Deputy and Council in Dublin."

The governor read over the paper, and then put it on the table, with a look of astonishment and incredulity.

"I shall forward the paper," he said, "but I more than fear the surrender will not remit other penalties. Coote will be here to-morrow or next day, as he is to become mayor on the twenty-ninth. I shall allow this matter to stand over till the Lord President comes."

Charleton went straight to Deane's and had an interview with Gertrude. He found her in tears, mainly on account of Father Anthony, but not a little on account of the misguided man who had been called to judgment under circumstances so appalling. She had anticipated in part the major's own story.

It was some satisfaction to her to learn that Charleton had renounced all claim to the Munster estate.

"Indeed," he said, "I had at one time looked forward to another state of affairs. I was fond enough to picture a pleasant home by the banks of the Suir, the beauties and charms of Nature all around, and the charm of charms—a beautiful, accomplished, and virtuous wife—within!"

She bent her head lower over her embroidery work, while a warm glow spread to her beautiful neck. As she made no remark, Charleton continued:

"All that is changed. My present mission is one of sterner reality. I am almost certain of a term of imprisonment at the will of the Government, or, it may be, the will of the Lord President of Connacht. This is an age of summary process. One may not

speak of right. Might is the only right at present in these countries. There is only one thing in my favour, or in Father Anthony's—the governor and his colleagues are not all in harmony. They can lock me up at any rate. And when in my dark and lonely cell I should not consider myself lonely if I could assure myself that you——”

“Oh, do not say you are to be taken from us! Without you, we poor Catholics, who have had a share of favour, denied to many better than ourselves, could not have shown ourselves within the walls. I cannot think we are about to lose our only protector under Heaven.”

“You may take it as certain,” said Charleton. “I may not have the happiness of seeing you again for a long time.”

“Oh, do not say so! I cannot think it!”

“I know you do not wish it. What bondage I could cheerfully endure if at the end I could have the happiness of leading you to the altar!”

“Oh, do not mention that! Utterly impossible!”

“I know there is an obstacle—my religion. I know you think one religion enough for one house, and that you would die for your own. Then it may happen that before I see you again you will be married. If so——”

“I can promise you now that I shall not marry while you——”

The word was lost in the uproar which had suddenly broken out in the hall-way quite close to the door. Immediately two troopers burst into the apartment.

"What means this rude intrusion?" Charleton demanded.

"Your pardon, major. Our orders are from the governor to arrest you, and to lodge you in the Lyons Tower. Sorry, major! by Moses and Aaron, I am! But duty, you know, major, duty, sir!"

The fellow was about half drunk, and hiccupped a good deal.

"Silence, fellow! Do your duty!"

He extended his hand to Gertrude. She clasped it in both hers. But his hand was torn from her clasp and manacled. She sank to her couch. As the prisoner was hurried out he heard her faint scream as she fell into a swoon.

The mayors of Galway were installed at Michaelmas. On the 29th September, 1658, Sir Charles Coote, second President of Connacht, knight and baronet — the second of the name and fame in Ireland—entered upon office as mayor of Galway, and with him were associated John May and Richard Ormsby, sheriffs, and James Cuffe, Esq., recorder.

There was on the following day a special council meeting held in the governor's, at which, among other matters, the charge against Charleton and the friar was debated, and in the disputation Mathews surpassed his former self.

Coote yielded to no one present in ferocity of disposition, but he had the advantage over Stubberd, Mathews, and others of that ilk, in that he understood so much of the history of Ireland as convinced

him of the really forgiving nature of the Irish people when they were afforded the opportunity to forgive. He could cite many instances from among the earlier conquerors and colonists wherein the new lords became as dear to the old stock as ever their native chieftains had been. He was sensible that one has only to become acquainted with the history of Ireland to recognise the possibility of wiping out evil memories by subsequent amendment. At all events, he had begun to see this when he found that a great change was coming, and that his gigantic scheme of deportation and final extermination was still far from being complete.

Mathews urged that the contumacious friar ought to be hanged. "There are many instances of Popish priests being taken and at once executed by order of Oliver himself. But," continued he, "there is one case in particular that ought not to be forgotten. Just after the surrender of Clonmel to the army of the Parliament, a Popish priest, one Myler Magrath, was taken in the act of practising his imposture at the bedside of a dying man, even as the Friar Browne has been, through the marvellous mercy of the Lord, taken by your servant. The Moabitish priest was taken before Colonel Sankey, whom Oliver had just made governor of the town, and Sankey, moved by the Spirit of the Lord, condemned the offender to death, and ordered him to be hanged without delay. Now, my Lord President and Mayor, there is a case in point."

"Clonmel!" said Coote. "That was the hottest piece of work that Oliver found in Ireland, or, for

that matter, in England or Scotland. In good faith, had Hugh Duff O'Neill only had a little more ammunition, Oliver would have abandoned the siege —at any rate, he was on the point of doing so. Men's minds were a good deal inflamed by what Clonmel cost us, and things were done then which might not, perhaps, be done later on."

"Rebels ought to receive the same treatment at all times!" said Mathews excitedly.

"And ministering to the spiritual wants of a dying man is the clearest evidence of rebellion!" retorted Coote with a haughty glare at the leading fanatic.

Mathews was so astonished to hear anything like this from Coote, that he sat down for lack of speech. Recovering himself, he rose to indict Charleton.

"But who is the greater offender, the thief or the man who shields the thief? Let it not be forgotten by the servants of the Lord that in the year of grace 1657, our gallant friend and fellow-worker in the Lord, Dick Ingoldsby, did transport one Daniel Connery, a gentleman malignant in the County Clare for harbouring a Popish priest. Connery had a wife and twelve children. The wife sickened and died. Three of the daughters, handsome lasses, as I have heard, were carried to the Barbadoes and sold as slaves."

"Ay," said the Lord President sarcastically, "Dick Ingoldsby, who can neither pray nor preach, hath been rendering good service to the Lord in Clare. His soldiers are said to have murdered one hundred of the Irish in the baronies of Tulla and Bunratty, although they were under protection. And his two

officers, Stace and Apers, improving on his example, put to death five hundred families in the baronies of Islands, Ibrickan, Clonderlaw, and Moyerta, although they had received protection. I must therefore ask thee, Mathews, to bear in mind that thou speakest to Coote, who is not ignorant of the work due to the Lord."

After the meeting broke up, Coote and Governor Stubberd were together for a considerable time.

"You have that order in Council," said Coote, "directing you and me to find vessels to transport to the Indian Bridges the inmates of the inland jails. This form of gaol delivery is a terrible drain upon us, but it cannot be avoided. The gaols are chokeful of people committed for refusing or delaying to transplant. I do not see that we can remove them all in less than two years to come. Till then, I am afraid that the priests and friars already in Aran and Bophin must be kept where they are. I have therefore made up my mind to send this Friar Browne to join the others in one or other of these islands. And as to Charleton, I order that he be confined in the fort in Aran, under the keeping of his former sergeant, Buckley, till the will of the Lord-Deputy and Council be known. Yes, let Charleton go to Aran and Browne to Bophin. At present I do not see that we can proceed to court-martial. The more lenient course suits just now."

"In good sooth! Lord President and Mayor, the treatment is mild enough. I thought thou mightst have found occupation for these people in cultivating Jamaica. I have heard thee speak of the capture of

that island by Penn and Venables as a timely mercy from the Lord, opening up a new field for the surplus population of Ireland. We have already exported a good many priests and friars—you know what Ireton called them—‘those incendiaries of blood and mischief among men.’”

“Well, Ireton did his best, and he left a good many priests after him. We must all do the best we can. Our means are, after all, but limited.”

This was hardly what Stubberd had expected from Coote. It was not what he had heard from the Lord President of Connacht a few years earlier. Then Coote spoke with the confidence of triumph. The Government of Ireland was to be at last and for ever settled on a basis of peace and security. The sole cause of the discord and rebellion of five hundred years was to be found in the native race of Ireland. The time was come when these inveterate disturbers would be swept clean out of the land, and their place be taken by God-fearing, law-abiding people from England and Scotland. Then would come indeed a reign of peace and prosperity, a reign of Christianity and brotherly love. But all at once the happy vision had vanished, or was about to vanish.

And what then?

CHAPTER XXI

IN THE HOME OF ST ENDA

WHEN Coote ordered Charleton's banishment to Aran, to be under the keeping of a former subordinate, he may have intended humiliation under the cover of leniency. But he could not easily have decided on a course more acceptable to Charleton himself. The commander of the Aran Islands owed his promotion in the main to Charleton's good offices, and he was not forgetful of what he owed to his good friends while in Galway.

Father Anthony was sent to Bophin ; but in the course of a few weeks it was found necessary to remove a number of the prisoners from that island to Aran, and he was so fortunate as to be included in that lot. The prisoners were indeed absolutely dependent on the governor in each convict station. If he chose to treat them with the utmost severity they had no remedy, but, on the other hand, if it was his good pleasure to afford them, or any of them, indulgence, he could take upon himself to do so.

Thus it happened that in a short space of time Charleton and his boatman were together again, and

in the enjoyment of the privileges of parole. As a rule, they were at liberty to ramble at will in the greater island with some restriction as to hours. Charleton had his meals with the governor of the island ; but he was in a position to bear the cost of his own maintenance. Through the indulgence of the governor he was allowed a servant, and it was with much pleasure he made the discovery that Carbra Conneely was available. Cahal King (or MacRigh) was also on the island, and was most of the time engaged in or about the governor's hut.

Charleton and his friend could not desire things to fall out better for their own personal comfort. They had nothing to regret in leaving Galway for a time, except that they had been deprived, by enforced absence, of doing what good they could in the old place. But even in Aran there was a field for workers in the cause of religion and philanthropy.

Such news as the governor had he freely imparted to Charleton, and means were found of learning what passed from day to day in Galway. Indeed there is reason to suppose that Gertrude was aware of how matters stood in Aran, and, as Gertrude continued to visit at intervals the old King of Claddagh's cabin, a certain pale, black-haired girl had her share of the news.

It was well understood in Aran that the rule of the Cromwellians was crumbling to dust, just as it was known to all in Galway—all who were not blinded by ignorance, fanaticism, or strong drink (as Governor Stubberd was, most of the time). There could be little doubt of the matter, especially after Richard Cromwell

like a sensible, unambitious, poor man, laid down the Protectorship, and sought the retirement for which he was better suited.

The news from England caused no surprise to Charleton. He had long been prepared for the break-down. Nor did the news from Galway take him in the least by surprise. The events of almost two years preceding the Restoration are thus summed up by the historian of Galway :—

The appalling scene of atrocities hitherto opened to the view of the reader is now drawn to a close. . . . The contemptible Corporation of the day, having no more victims to persecute, began to quarrel among themselves, and their disputes became so violent that the Government was obliged to interfere, and threatened to annul the charter and to abolish their privileges (Hardiman, p. 139).

Even towards the close of the Roundhead domination there was a fresh burst of fanaticism which proved to be the expiring kick.

On the 7th August 1659 an order was issued to apprehend Lord Clanrickarde, Sir Richard Blake, and other principal gentlemen of the country ; and on the 22nd Colonel Thomas Sadlier, the governor, was ordered to remove 'all the Irish Papists' out of the town and liberties, and not permit them to return without license from the commander of the forces. Other instances of persecution afterwards occurred, but they gradually decreased both in number and severity. (*Id.*)

Charleton at least had reason to rejoice that he had been removed from the turmoil and meanness which characterised the later phase of Puritan rule in Galway. He thought it no hardship at all to be detained on the Great Aran, where he could enjoy

more true liberty than in the governor's house in Galway. He could say,

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,"

although his detention was not associated with such stern treatment as walls and bars imply. He could hardly indeed look upon his exile as a blessing in disguise, for there was little or no disguise at any time.

The question which most interested him from the beginning of his stay in Aran was not one of those that interested or distracted men then in power and men then aspiring to power. His was a more serious question, although it made no noise among the topics of the day.

Should he become a Catholic?

This question was by no means new to him. Nor was it new to his companion in captivity. They had, in a tentative way, and at a distance, discussed the same question in their boat on the Bay or on the lake more than once. But since their meeting on the island, they found not only leisure but the desired opportunity to discuss the matter in all its bearings with fulness and freedom commensurate with the grave issues involved.

The question with Charleton had narrowed itself to one of motive. What *is* my motive? Does the change come from conviction? Or is not the conviction enforced by the knowledge that Gertrude will not otherwise consent to become my wife? Is it for the love of God or the love of a creature?

Or *is* there any antagonism between the love of God and the love of one of His true and pure adorers? These questions he put to himself a thousand times, tried to form his answer, and then begged of Father Anthony to state his views as to the orthodoxy of the supposed answers.

Charleton himself was ready to admit—was perfectly satisfied—that to change one's religion simply with a view to marriage shows a laxity of principle. But did that apply in his case? He could dispose of that at once: he never would, he believed, go against his conviction for any purpose in life, for that were to put the creature above and before the Creator. He had felt an inward leaning towards Catholicism almost from his first landing in Ireland. There were indeed formidable difficulties present to his mind, but the difficulties had abated in proportion as he came to understand what formerly he understood not, or had seen only through a distorting medium.

"Put it this way," said Father Anthony to him one day: "Suppose you heard now that Gertrude were dead, would you still incline to become a Catholic?"

"I would."

There was very little discussion after that.

The result was that Charleton became a Catholic some months before he was free to leave Aranmore.

He was received into the Church on the holy spot where St Enda prayed and fasted and preached. His sponsors in baptism were Carbra Conneely and the commandant's wife, she having already become

a convert. It was understood also that the commandant himself would, at an early date, follow her example.

For, even before Charles II. entered Whitehall, there were numerous conversions among the Cromwellians, although the leading lights among them tried to persuade themselves and others that there was an end to the priests and their works in Ireland.

Does any one doubt that many conversions from Puritanism—or the affectation of Puritanism—to the old religion of Ireland took place even at this early period? Let him consider how Tipperary, the most Cromwellianised county in Ireland, became one of the most Catholic, in spite of the ever-glorious Revolution of 1688, followed, as it was, by the long and blighting visitation of the Penal Laws.

CHAPTER XXII

JACK MATHEWS HATH A DREAM

ON the 29th September, 1659, John Mathews became the most honoured citizen of Galway. He was installed mayor of the town for the coming year.

Just a week before, the new order for "clearing" the town of "all Irish Papists" had been received by Colonel Thomas Sadlier, who had been for some time acting as governor, although it does not appear that Stubberd (or Stubbers) had retired.

The "clearing" order ought to have brought joy to the heart of the new mayor.

Yet Mathews met with much to trouble his spirit. The order of the Lord Deputy and Council could not, or would not, be carried out. The owners of house property did not wish to undertake anew the care of waste and unprofitable houses. It was to little purpose that the over-enthusiastic mayor tried to inculcate the lesson of allowing any of the Philistine race to harbour in the land. In vain did he scatter about his favourite texts denouncing the vengeance of the Lord against those who hesitate to execute the

divine commands—as the orders of the Lord Deputy and Council evidently were.

“First the sword and then the Word,
And thus praise we the Lord.”

“I have had a dream,” he said, as one day he entered the house of Governor Stubberd.

“Rubbish !”

“I fear, Peter, thou hast read Holy Writ to little purpose. Thou hast heard of King Pharaoh ?”

“Yes ; and of Jack Mathews !”

“And is it not even written, ‘Your old men shall see visions, and your young men shall dream dreams ?’”

“*Ergo*, Jack Mathews is a young man ! What doth the tedious preamble point to ?”

“This morning I took my Bible to my usual outdoor seat on fine mornings on the river terrace, to the front of my mansion at Menlough, and the Book opened at the seventh Deuter——”

“Marvellous ! Jack Mathews, his Bible hath a knack of opening at that place. Go on !”

“I had read only a few verses, when lo ! a heavy slumber came upon me. And I saw a great crowd of idolaters practising their abominations as it were under my very eyes. My spirit was moved to indignation at the wickedness and the uncleanness of this evil-minded people, and I prayed that the Lord would in His marvellous great mercy destroy them from the face of the earth, even as He did destroy them who were not with Noah in the ark. And I saw the figure of Oliver even as he was when he entered

through the breach in the walls of Tredah. Thou canst recollect——”

“Go on, Jack.”

“I heard a mighty voice, and it was the voice of one calling to Oliver, saying: ‘Son of Heaven! what canst thou do to save this wicked and accursed land?’ Then Oliver, unsheathing his sword, slew certain wicked persons who crossed his path. Whereupon my heart did rejoice to see the wicked race thus cut off, even as Joshua did cut off the ungodly race of Enakim. Then Oliver did raise aloft the Book, and said: ‘Behold! this is the Word which I bring to show——’ But before he could finish, methought his foot did slip in the blood of the slain, and he fell even in the blood of those he had cut off. And methought he struggled to rise, and, being unable, did dabble himself more and more in the blood and in the mire! Whereupon was much ungodly merriment and laughter among a greater multitude than I had seen before. And the rout of merriment was so great that I awoke in a cold shiver, although it was warm and sunny at the time. And sore troubled was I in spirit to learn what the dream doth signify. Camell would have me believe it meant nothing in particular. I cannot so rid myself of the trouble; for had King Pharaoh been content to take his dream as signifying nothing, it would have been worse for the people who were chosen of the Lord.”

Stubberd tried to make light of the matter. At the same time he felt perplexed, and in his heart he wished that Jack Mathews could dream better

dreams. But as the recorder entered just then, he said : "Here cometh Edward Eyre, perhaps he can interpret thy dream, Jack ?"

"Oh !" said the recorder, on hearing the cause of Jack's trouble, "let dreams stand over for the time of leisure. I am afraid that George Monk will be the undoing of some of us ere long. His march into England bodes no good to the Commonwealth. Lord Fairfax and his Presbyterians have gone over to the Royalist side. The Independents are out-numbered, and Lambert's army melts away. In short, since Monk reached London, on the 3rd of February, the fleet and the army are in his hands. My letters say he is carrying on active negotiations with the Parliament, and with the exiles at Breda."

"Thou art an owl to say so, Edward Eyre !" said Stubberd impatiently.

"I cannot help it, sir. It will do no one any good to blink the fact that England will no longer be ruled by a council of military saints, who set up and pull down Parliaments at their whim, as children build and scatter toy houses. Even in Oliver's day the business had become a rot ; but Stubberd would then hang the man who said so."

"In good sooth, thou hast often been enough plain-spoken, Edward Eyre. And it has been even said thou didst give shelter to malignants in thine own house when the new 'clearing' order came last autumn."

"And if Edward Eyre and his friends had not been lacking in the spirit of the Lord, these evil tidings would not have come upon us !" said Mathews.

"Let me tell thee, Mathews, there has been too much of this practice, seeking to make the Lord a confederate while doing the Devil's work."

"And what remains for Mathews and me?"
Stubberd enquired with hesitancy.

"Tredah quarter!" answered Eyre, as he left the apartment.

CHAPTER XXIII

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

STUBBERD had much reason to be satisfied with the outcome of the co-partnery with Deane, the tobacco merchant. He affected to treat the news from England as exaggerated or misleading, and was willing enough to maintain that things would come out all right for him and his friends.

He and Deane were together, as they often were, on the second night after Mathews told his dream.

"I was proud of the success of our expedition against Spain," Stubberd said, "but it has interfered with our wine supply. Blake kept the way open for our ships—but—"

He stopped to drain the goblet before him, and then proceeded to the topic of more immediate interest. Would the cargo of tobacco then on its way to Galway escape the Spanish cruisers? If it got safe into port it was calculated that the profits would be unusually high. Both Deane and Stubberd were at the moment speculating on the prospect of retiring and settling down on estates in the best portion of the barony of Clare-Galway—a barony

which, by the way, had been reserved for "the State," that is, for the benefit of those who, in the service of Cromwell, had done some special wrong to the State.

"Ay, Stephen, I think thou and I would do well to retire from this hurly-burly as soon as we can—just as soon as we can pocket the proceeds of this ship."

The prospect was by no means displeasing to Deane.

"Thou art aware, Stephen, that I bear an evil repute here in Galway, and I would like a change to a quieter place. There be people, I know, who look upon me as a sort of devil. But he is a very stupid sort of devil who will not sometimes do a good thing to serve himself. At any rate, thou hast no reason, Stephen, to complain of my entertainment. I have stood between thee and harm; I have kept thee pretty safe when I could have exiled thee—could have found the way to hang thee—and, in any case, could have seized all thy goods. But I was wise enough to spare the goose that lays the golden egg. It was for my own gain, thou wilt say. Yea; but it was for something more—my own happiness as well."

Stubberd was, in fact, leading up to the renewal of a claim he had once hinted at, and, though for over seven years in abeyance, had never been abandoned or lost sight of. He wished to have Gertrude for wife! He could not, he said, openly set the law at defiance. But a private marriage could be made all right in the course of a little time!

Deane was speechless with astonishment. He knew that his daughter would be hewn to inches in preference to such an alliance.

Stubberd hinted that religion might not, after all, be so much in the way.

Deane was aware that Stubberd had no very strong convictions on the score of religion, and that it would be easy enough for him to make show of conforming to any mode of worship which might the more readily advance whatever object he had in view. But he held his peace.

"In sooth, Stephen," continued the eager suitor, "had it not been for my connivance and forbearance thou mightst now be a slave in Barbadoes or Jamaica ; and, in that case, thou canst, peradventure, imagine what thy daughter's pride would have done for her. Thou canst do me a favour by using thy influence and putting the matter before her in such guise as thou wilt best understand. I might speak of another influence which none in Galway may withstand ; but—I am going to make her a present which I trust will be found worthy of her acceptance."

He went to a cabinet, unlocked it, and brought out an object carefully wrapped in embroidered silk.

"Here," continued Stubberd, "is a cup worthy of an empress. See ! it is encrusted with jewels ! What aileth thee, Stephen ? Why dost thou start to thy feet ? Thou lookest anything but pleased."

"A chalice !" exclaimed Deane, with a look of horror.

"Take thy seat, Stephen. I am going to drink from this to thy daughter's health and prosperity !"

Deane protested against the desecration, adding : " Do you know, sir, what it is you have got ? "

" I know," replied Stubberd, turning it round in his hands, " it is an article of great value, and I should not lightly part with it, I can assure thee. I fancy it must have been for the high priest himself when he would make merry. It was found with other valuable spoil in one of the old Popish conventicles. It is, methinks, a fit cup to drink thy daughter's health in. And now for the fact ! "

" I cannot stand by and look at this ! " said Deane, making a dash for the door just as Stubberd put the chalice on the table, with the object of filling it from the tankard of wine.

The door was thrown open, and a pale-faced man rushed past Deane, and laid hold on the chalice just as Stubberd had raised the tankard to pour out.

" Forbear ! " said the intruder laying hold on the chalice. " What wouldst thou do, thou monster of impiety ? "

" And who be thou that darest to take such liberties with the governor, a colonel of the army of the Commonwealth of England ? "

" I am a member of the Order of St. Augustine, to which community this chalice belongs ; and I hereby claim it on behalf of the rightful owners."

" Deane, summon the guard ! " cried out the governor excitedly, and the next moment he sank to the floor.

Deane had gone no furthur than the lower end of the table. He did not summon the guard, but went to help to raise the governor to a couch.

"What noise is that?" the governor gasped out when raised from the floor. He looked as if recovering from one of his bad horrors.

There was indeed much noise. There was noise within the house, on the stairs, and in the passages, and on the streets there was great uproar.

"A pursuivant from Dublin demands admission to your honour!" said a soldier entering. "He is the bearer of a despatch which must be put into your own hands, sir."

Spattered with mud, and almost covered with foam, the pursuivant entered, and having handed a packet to the governor retired to the ante-chamber.

Stubberd had read but a few lines of the despatch when the paper dropped to the floor. He was again on the point of fainting.

"That ruffian, George Monk! He has done it! Charles Stuart, the younger, has been proclaimed on the 8th of May as Charles II. at Whitehall, at Temple Bar, and in Palace Yard, Westminster. A king! Ah me! to think there is again a king at Whitehall! At Whitehall! at Whitehall!" he kept repeating, looking all the time like one who sees a ghost.

Almost a dozen leading Roundheads had already made their way to the governor's room. The pursuivant was again called in, and his account of the reception of the news in Dublin and in all the towns on the way created the utmost dismay.

Stubberd motioned Deane towards him, and whispered: "Do not leave me, Stephen. I feel ill. Help me out, Stephen!"

Quite unperceived by his excited but crestfallen

visitors, Stubberd slipped out by a private way, accompanied by Deane. From the moment the pursuivant was announced, no more was seen or heard of the Augustinian.

An hour before the streets were deserted, now they were alive with people cheering, shouting, "Long live the King! Down with the regicides! Tredah quarter for the old king's murderers!"

Even the soldiers had caught the popular contagion, and from the windows of every barrack proceeded cries of "God save the King!"

"I must go, Stephen! I cannot remain here to be torn to pieces! Thou wilt see me safe out of town! Have pity on me, Stephen!"

Deane did not like the enterprise. Neither could he refuse. They assumed some hasty disguise, and found their way to the street but at an unlucky moment.

They found themselves surrounded by a surging crowd. Stubberd was recognised and seized. He uttered loud distressful appeals for pity, a thing utterly unknown to him almost to that moment.

There were some calls for a rope, but a suggestion from a quiet, low-voiced man was adopted, namely that Stubberd should be locked up for the night in the old convent from which he had himself expelled the nuns.

There in the gloom and solitude of his bare, dilapidated apartment Stubberd could reflect on the instability of human affairs, and entertain himself with anticipations of the fate in store for leading regicides. As day broke, a voice startled him from the slumber into which he had just fallen.

"The blood of Charles I. cries out for vengeance. Charles II. would give something for the head of the man who cut off his royal father's head!"

With a shriek the prisoner started from the floor. There stood in front of him Deane, holding a lighted candle.

"Stephen! hast thou betrayed me?" said Stubberd, shaking with terror.

"No," said the same pale-faced man who without ceremony had entered the governor's room not many hours before. "Stephen did not betray thee. Here am I who saw thee strike the blow, and I can let thee see a bloody witness of the fact! But come with us at once; we can put thee on board a sloop to take thee where thou wilt. Come, follow!"

In the corner was a narrow door not to be distinguished from the oaken panelling, and then a narrow flight of steps leading to a long horizontal passage. After following this for about fifty yards they came to a short ladder, and were presently in the courtyard of Deane's premises on the opposite side of the street. The underground passage had been made to enable the nuns to visit the great church. The passage was well known to Gertrude, and the opening in the top had been made to enable her to extricate Maeve, the King of Claddagh's daughter, with others imprisoned in the old convent, after the raid made on the village eight years before. At the same time, the passage was stopped beyond Deane's premises.

In the grey hour of the morning the streets were again silent. They saw no one but the drowsy

sentinel at the New Strand gate. Without a minute's delay they were let out, the sentinel appearing to have been advised of the matter.

They were soon seated in a boat, which was pulled by Deane and the Augustinian. The fallen governor crouched to the bottom as if he feared that the very sea-fowl might recognise him and inform against him.

"Tell me, sir," said the Augustinian, "do you remember the night, or perhaps the morning, we first met at your door in High Street? And we met on a more recent occasion?"

The fallen governor raised a trembling hand in deprecation of the enquiry.

"You recognised the grey beard I wore on a former occasion. It was very like the one worn by the man who cut off Charles Stuart's head! Wasn't it?"

The fugitive crouched lower, and trembled more violently.

When they reached the skiff in the Roads, Stubberd was helped aboard. Once on deck he turned as if to speak with Deane. A blood-stained handkerchief was held up by the other man. The ex-governor fell on the deck of the vessel, and was seen no more by his late companions.

"You have, I think, been a good deal about the governor's house?" Deane said, as they rowed in to the Claddagh shore.

"Yes. I had long been trying to find out where the gold chalice was, and I found it out by chance. I had often been in the governor's house. And it was once while I was there that I became certain as to

the whereabouts of the sacred vessel. Of course I had something more than a suspicion long before as to the identity of the man who wore the long grey beard on the scaffold in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall.”

CHAPTER XXIV

THE KING COMES BY HIS OWN AGAIN

IT was almost broad daylight when the boat pulled up in a little muddy bight on the Claddagh side. The men remained there for another half-hour. There was not a human being to be seen—not even on the town walls. The sea-fowl kept up a noisy chorus as they hovered and dipped in pursuit of fry. The rushing waters of the Corrib were growing more impetuous as the tide lowered. But other sounds there were none. It was a favourable opportunity to have conference undisturbed. At length the pale-faced man stepped out of the boat.

“It is a hardship to disturb them at so early an hour,” he said; “but I think they will pardon the intrusion.”

So saying he went and knocked at the door of the King of Claddagh’s cabin.

After a short delay it was opened by a pale, anxious-looking girl, her abundant dark tresses showing that she had just been roused from much-needed rest.

She fixed her large dark eyes on the stranger, and withdrew a pace.

"God save all here!" he said, in Irish.

To which she replied in the same dialect: "God save yourself kindly."

"This is the house of *Conchubar Mac-an-Righ*, I believe?"

"It is."

"I came to see the good old man."

"But—he is ill; he cannot——"

"That's Dermid, let him in!" was heard in muffled tones from the old king's apartment. It was the first time his voice had been heard for years.

The careworn girl was about to swoon, but was supported by the long lost brother, whom they had supposed to be dead for over twenty years. It was the loss of this son that had weighed down the afflicted father: the trials of later date had come upon him, he believed, in punishment of alleged neglect of duty in permitting the eldest boy to go abroad. The voice of the never-forgotten child, altered as it was by time, by travel, and by training, was as the voice of an angel to the old man's soul.

The old king sprang out of bed, dressed with the despatch of a Claddagh man's toilet, and was in the kitchen before Maeve had recovered her self-possession. As if by common impulse all three went to their knees and fervently gave thanks to the God of all mercies.

"Now," said the old king, when they rose from their knees, "I could feel perfectly happy if the other darling boys would come."

"They will come very soon," said Dermid.

"They are dead!" the old man sobbed.

"Not they. I saw them less than a week ago. They are in the flower of health. They have been more fortunate than you suppose."

The old king appeared incredulous, and was with some difficulty put in possession of the real history of the boys.

"They may be here this very evening," said Dermid. "A horseman set out last night to take the news to Cashla, and it will then go by boat in a short time to the governor of Aran."

"But about yourself, my boy," said the old king, "you have told us nothing. How comes it that you are here, or that you did not come till now?"

Dermid's story, in brief, was this: In a boyish freak he had gone on board a trading vessel, which was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, but he was picked up with two others by a London bound vessel. One of the survivors was an Augustinian friar, who had been in Galway. He took charge of Dermid, educated him, and enabled him to become a lay brother of the Order. They were among the crowd who witnessed the execution of Charles the First, and Dermid found means of carrying away some of the king's blood on a linen handkerchief. On his death-bed, the friar charged Dermid to convey the handkerchief, stained with the martyred king's blood, to the Abbey at Cong. Dermid had found a temporary home in the beautiful island of Inchingoill, in upper Lough Corrib, but had been frequently in Galway, disguised, of course, to baffle the persecutors. There were reasons why he could not re-visit his father's house earlier, and he felt bound to refrain from giving

any intimation until he should be at liberty to come.

That night there was a gala assembly on the grounds of Menlough.

Jack Mathews had decamped. In the forenoon he had proceeded in his barge from the castle of Menlough as far as Tirrelan, on his way to town, when his ears were assailed by cries of "God save the King! A big price on the head of a traitor! Sir Valentine is coming! Three cheers for the King and Sir Valentine!"

The barge was put about. Mathews re-entered Menlough, but only to make a hasty exit by the land approach.

It was the first festive assembly Menlough had seen for eight weary, blood-curdling years. The festivities and rejoicings were accordingly great.

A bonfire was made on the river terrace, on which was piled the stores of piety and controversial literature accumulated by the late occupant; and among those who carried out the books and papers were Carbra Conneely and Cahal MacRigh.

From a boat on the river the scene was watched and enjoyed by Major Charleton, Father Anthony, THE KING OF CLADDAGH, and his daughter MAEVE.

On St John's Eve, 23rd June following, there was another great bonfire, but this time it was in the Claddagh.

The villagers, in holiday attire, assembled at the head of the village, where they were marshalled by

the king in person, after which they proceeded in processional order towards the ruins of St Mary's-on-the-Hill (*Cnucka-in-Tampeill Mirea*), where on the site of the high altar stood Father Anthony and two other Dominican friars in the robes of their Order. From the head of the procession, THE KING OF CLADDAGH led out his daughter, who was there and then united in holy matrimony with the young man, Carbra Conneely, who knelt by her side, while Father Anthony pronounced the nuptial benediction.

We must not omit to mention that Gertrude Deane insisted on being permitted to act the part of bridesmaid on the occasion, just to give herself courage she said for another interesting event the date of which had been already fixed.

Then there was dancing round the bonfire, most of the young men sporting silk sashes over short white jackets, while their hats were ornamented with ribbons and flowers.

It was, as Father Anthony said, a great occasion of joy, and ought to be one of thanksgiving to Him whose arm ever sustains the suffering and oppressed. *Laudatio ejus manet in seculum seculi.*

One word more, and then we part. The merchant Deane had found himself wealthy enough to purchase one of the best estates in Galway county, and to this he retired soon after the Restoration. He died some years later, leaving his property to his daughter and her husband, who had laid aside the name by which he was long known to us, and taken that of DEANE. So high was the estimation in which the

new occupiers were held by all parties, that even when persecution broke out anew they were left practically undisturbed, and found themselves in a position to afford shelter and protection to many less fortunate than themselves.

THE END

Printed at
The Edinburgh Press
9 & 11 Young Street

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

OR

THE LOVE STORY OF
CHARLES BRANDON AND MARY TUDOR
THE KING'S SISTER

AND HAPPENING IN THE REIGN OF
HIS AUGUST MAJESTY KING HENRY VIII.

*Re-written and rendered into Modern English
from Sir Eawin Caskoden's Memoir*

By Edwin Caskoden
(Charles Major)

LARGE CROWN 8VO. PRICE 6s

6s. FICTION.

Eden Phillpotts.

LOUP-GAROU ! and other Stories.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS, author of "Children of the Mist."
Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

"Pot" and "Swears."

THE SCARLET CITY. A Novel of London Life.

By "POT," author of "The Lost Emeralds of Zarinthia," and
"SWEARS," part author of "A Pink 'Un and a Pelican." With cover
design by Alfred Bryan. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

Horace Annesley Vachell.

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE.

A Novel.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, author of "A Drama in
Sunshine." Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

Anonymous.

BY THE GREY SEA.

By the author of "An Old Marquise." Price 6s.

Lord Granville Gordon.

NOOTKA. A Tale of Vancouver Island.

By LORD GRANVILLE GORDON. Illustrated by Louis Edwards.
With special cover design. Large crown 8vo. Price 6s.

Riccardo Stephens.

THE PRINCE AND THE UNDERTAKER, And what they undertook.

By RICCARDO STEPHENS. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

Aberdeen Free Press.—"Well told, show considerable imaginative power, and are most interesting reading."

Dundee Advertiser.—"The short stories are excellent."

Manchester Courier.—"The stories are in turn whimsical, droll, or weird; but in all there is a clever touch, and the interest is maintained right to the finish."

Glasgow Herald.—"Admirable series of short stories."

Guardian.—"Mr. Stephens has been fortunate in discovering a vein which has not been much worked, and he has used his find with real skill."

World.—"Altogether an admirable book, and one to command itself to those who look at manner as well as matter."

MR. PETERS.

By RICCARDO STEPHENS. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

Pall Mall Gazette.—"A powerfully written and deeply interesting novel."

Glasgow Herald.—"The author not only possesses the faculty of narrative, but also distinct imaginative power."

Daily Telegraph.—"The novel is a strong one . . . excellently conceived."

Scotsman.—"It is well and intelligently written."

Dundee Advertiser.—"‘Mr. Peters’ is an uncommonly good book. . . . With most writers one could afford to skip a page or two between; not so with ‘Mr. Peters.’"

CONVERSATIONS WITH MRS. DE LA RUE SMYTHE.

By RICCARDO STEPHENS. Illustrated by W. G. Burn Murdoch.
Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

Gabriel Setoun.

GEORGE MALCOLM.

By GABRIEL SETOUN. Large crown 8vo, gilt top. Price 6s.

Scotsman.—"Mr. Setoun’s book is a success, shows a great advance, and should strengthen the author’s hold on his public."

Literature.—"A book which is distinctly above the average."

ROBERT URQUHART.

By GABRIEL SETOUN. Large crown 8vo, gilt top. Price 6s.

Pall Mall Gazette.—"There is power and pathos in this charming Scots tale . . . a wholesome story . . . admirable work . . . vivid description . . . and it reflects the native wit and simple piety of the villagers with rare skill."

Dundee Advertiser.—"The book may be at once pronounced a great success."

Charles Edwardes.

SHADOWED BY THE GODS.

By CHARLES EDWARDES. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

3s. 6d. FICTION.

Ballyhooly.

BITS OF BALLAD AND BLARNEY.

By BALLYHOOLEY. Price 3s. 6d.

Florence Warden.

THE FARM IN THE HILLS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN, author of "The House on the Marsh," etc. With special cover design. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

W. Sapte, Jun.

A LUCKY DOG.

By W. SAPTE, Jun. With cover design by Bernard Partridge. Large crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Rudolf Dircks.

THE LIBRETTO.

By RUDOLF DIRCKS. With special cover design. Large crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Cecil Hartley.

MEROVECH. A Romance.

By CECIL HARTLEY. Large crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

A. Eric Bayly.

THE HOUSE OF STRANGE SECRETS.

By A. ERIC BAYLY. With special cover design. Large crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Portland Board Akerman and Norman Hurst.

TRISCOMBE STONE.

By PORTLAND BOARD AKERMAN and NORMAN HURST. New cheap edition. With special cover design. Price 3s. 6d.

Talepitcher.

GAL'S GOSSIP.

By TALEPITCHER (A. M. Binstead, part author of "A Pink 'Un and a Pelican"). Cover design by Jan Van Beers. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

Financial Times.—"Will be much in demand in the smoking room. The letters are replete with the piquancy for which the 'Pitcher' is noted, and the volume will undoubtedly add to the enjoyment of the evening cigar."

Glasgow Herald.—"The 'Pitcher' knows his London—Bohemian London—very well indeed, and imparts his knowledge of various surprising circumstances with—how shall we put it?—well, audacity. It is all very amusing, but 'Gal's Gossip' is *not* a book for girls' schools."

Sporting Life.—"As a laughter-provoking edition, admirably and pithily written, we can strongly recommend the book to the sporting and mirth-loving community at large."

Sun.—"Bright, sparkling, and racy, the book is somewhat strikingly deliberate, and will be an agreeable addition to the bachelor's library. It will afford unalloyed amusement to the reader."

London Referee.—"Let me confess frankly that I have laughed over 'Gal's Gossip' as I have not laughed over any book for years and years. I have seen half a dozen people shouting and shaking with laughter over a reading aloud of the story. It is not enough for the author of 'Gal's Gossip' to raise a smile; he makes you burst with loud explosions. . . . It is gay, saucy, reckless, witty. In short, 'Gal's Gossip' is a shocking good book."

N. Newnham-Davis.

MILITARY DIALOGUES.

By Lieut.-Col. N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS. Cover design by R. Caton Woodville. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

Glasgow Herald.—"Colonel Newnham-Davis has written other books which have received, as they deserved, commendation from critics and appreciation from the public, but he has not done better work than this book."

Referee.—"This is a new idea. There has been nothing like it. The observation of life and character, and the skill in presentation revealed in these 'Dialogues' will be appreciated by the civilian not less than by military men."

Outlook.—"The book makes excellent reading."

Florence Marryat.

A SOUL ON FIRE.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT. Cover design by W. H. Robinson. Large crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

World.—"This is one of the most curious, but withal, perhaps, the strongest work of fiction Florence Marryat has yet produced. There can be little question of the power of the book. . . . The characters are admirably drawn, firm, faithful to nature. . . . A really able work of fiction."

John Bell.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BUSH.

A New Zealand Romance.

By JOHN BELL. Price 3s. 6d.

THE PRIZE SERIES.

For size and for combined excellence of type, printing, paper, and binding, and—not least—for lowness of price, the under-mentioned works will be found to stand out prominently among the mass of cheaply bound and worse printed apologies for books that are too often nowadays offered as suitable for children's prizes :—

Hans Christian Andersen.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

Complete. A verbatim reprint from the first and second editions. With sixteen new full-page Illustrations by W. H. Robinson, separately printed on plate paper and inserted in the volume. Price 2s. 6d.

Æsop.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

A new edition with Proverbs and Applications. With over 100 Illustrations. Printed on surfaced paper. Price 2s. 6d.

E. Wetherell.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

By E. WETHERELL. With new frontispiece by W. T. Smith. Printed on antique laid paper. Price 2s. 6d.

L. M. Alcott.

LITTLE WOMEN AND GOOD WIVES.

By L. M. ALCOTT. With a new frontispiece by W. T. Smith. Printed on antique laid paper. Price 2s. 6d.

New Volumes.

John Bunyan.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

By JOHN BUNYAN. With frontispiece portrait of the author and twenty-four Illustrations by W. H. Robinson. 320 pp.

Johann David Wyss.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

By JOHANN DAVID WYSS. With eight Illustrations by Richard Mather. 32 pp.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

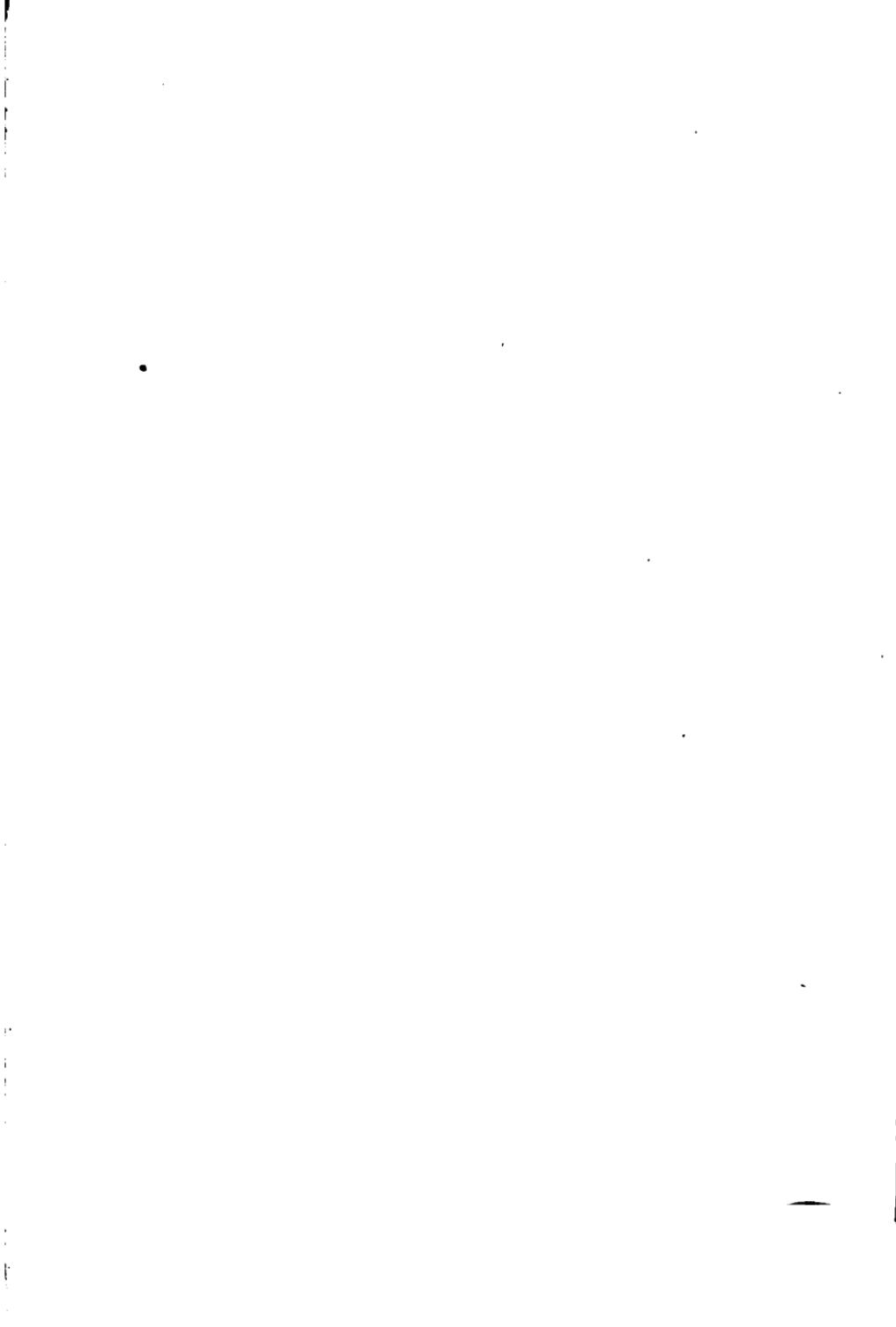
By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With a frontispiece by George Cruikshank and eight Illustrations by Louis Edwards. 320 pp.

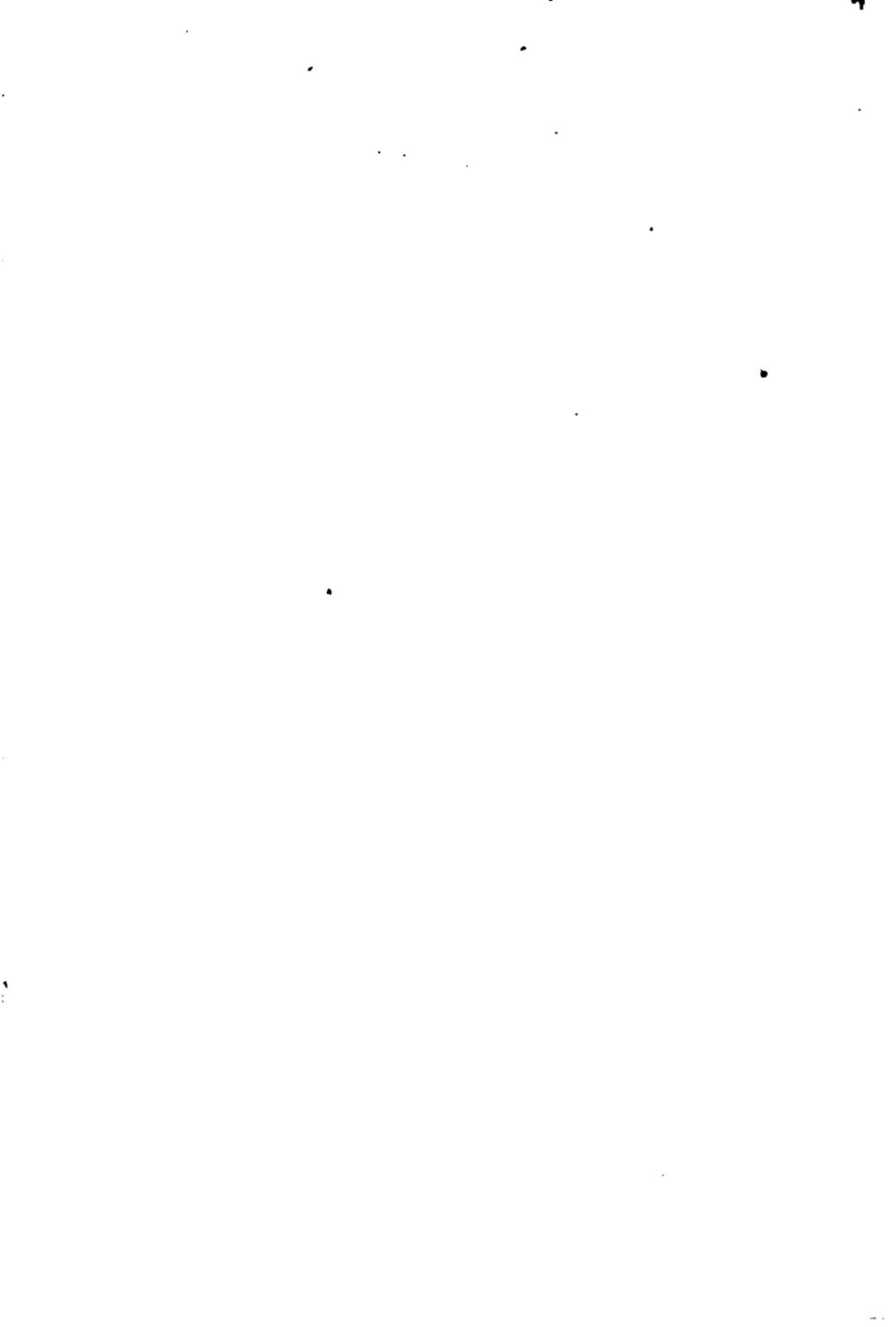
Daniel Defoe.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By DANIEL DEFOE. With twenty Illustrations. 384 pp.

* * * All the above works are square demy 8vo (5½ x 8½ inches), are re-set from new type of large size, and are carefully printed on fine paper, and luxuriously bound in the best cloth and lavishly decorated with gold, and with gilt tops. Price 2s. 6d. each.





OCT 31 1977